

THE WARCRY.

AND OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA & NEWFOUNDLAND

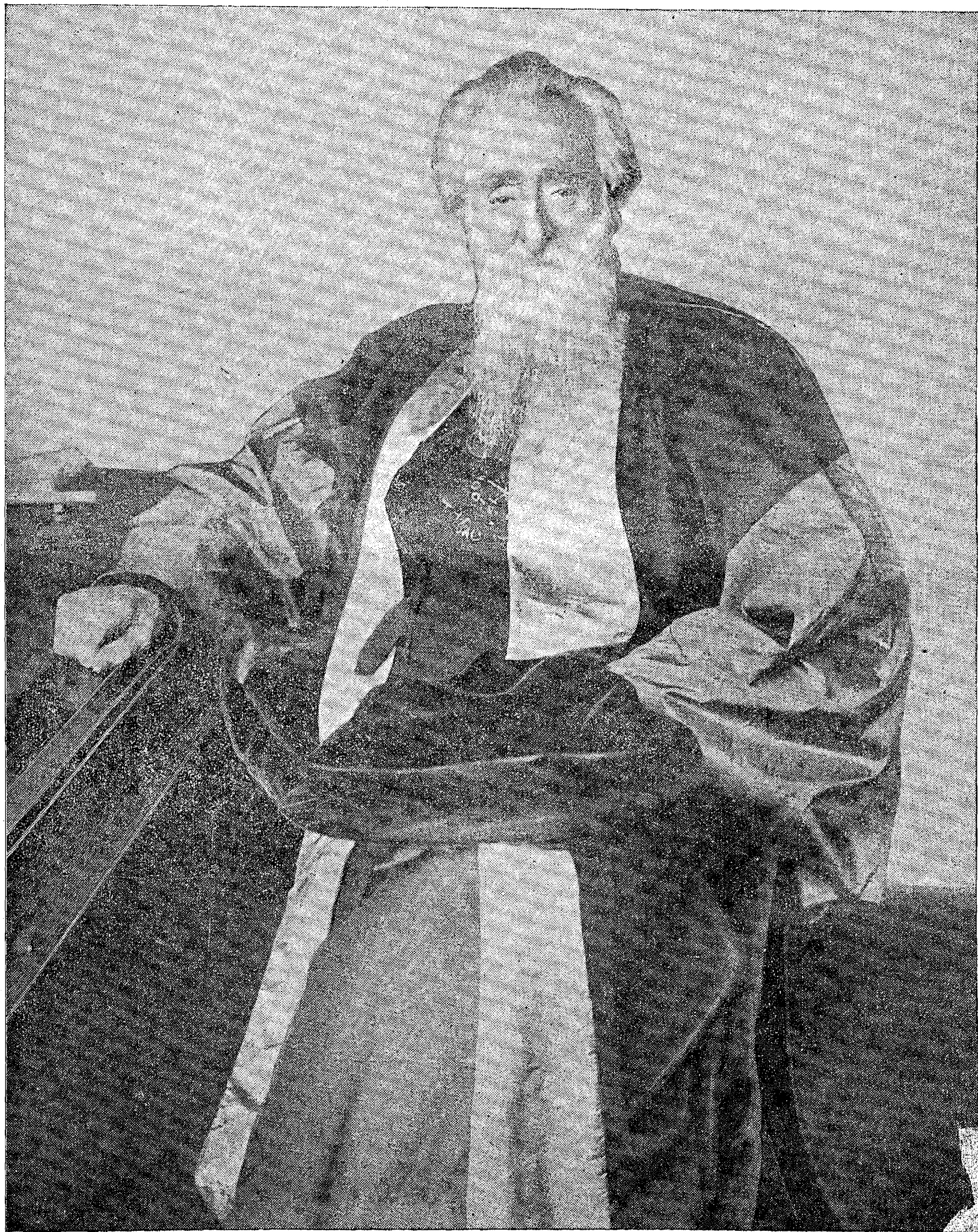
23rd Year. No. 46

WILLIAM BOOTH
General

TORONTO, AUGUST 17, 1907.

THOMAS B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Price, 2 Cents.



The General in His Robes as a Doctor of Civil Law.

Cutlets from Our Contemporaries

THE LOLLARDS.

How the Old-Time Ranters Preached.

"In long, dark brown garments of coarse wool, barefooted and staff in hand, these new apostles went forth from place to place. Stared at by the multitude, scoffed at and maligned by ill-wishers, they preached the Gospel wherever they found a willing ear—in church, on the market-place, or in the street."

The rough sermons and even rougher dress of these young men moved the laughter of the clergy and they nicknamed them "Lollards." The exact meaning of the word is lost sight of, but it may have been intended to hit off some peculiarity of speech like the "nasal drawl" of the Puritans. It had something of the vague contempt of the modern word "rant" in it.

But the movement could not be killed by hard names. A few years later and, so the panic-stricken exaggerations of Wycliff's opponents declared, every second man one met was a Lollard. But, in sober truth, it did appear as if Wycliff's followers were everywhere, and among all classes; among the workers as among the baronage; in the cities as well as among the peasantry of the countryside; and even in the cells of the monastery itself.—The Field Officer.

"WHAT WAS SHE TO DO?"

Plight of an Erring Girl.

On Headquarters steps one cold winter's day sat a young mother with an infant, poorly clad, in her arms. Tears were dropping fast on the poor little baby, and on looking at it I saw it was very ill, and feared it would not live until she could be got to the Home. Upon being questioned as to how she came to be in such destitute circumstances, it was the same old story so often related by those who have been led astray. Yes; she had a good father and mother, and brothers and sisters. She could go home, but not with baby. So she had been doing her utmost to support herself and child at service. This she could not do satisfactorily, for baby had been sick from its birth, and people would not keep her, and so, at last, she

found herself alone on the streets of Melbourne. But the Lord was watching over that poor friendless girl and her little infant, and sent her into our Headquarters. Death soon ended the sufferings of the infant, and after a time the parents of the girl were approached, and they agreed to take her home. It was a bright day for Kate when once more she was admitted under the parental roof. Now she is a changed girl; the past is under the precious blood, and she does not forget those who were the means of helping her in the hour of extreme sorrow.—Australian War Cry.

QUICKER THAN SCOTLAND YARD.

How the Army Finds Missing People.

One afternoon a lady called to see an Army officer, stating that she had heard that Salvationists were very successful in finding lost relatives. Her son, she said, left home several years since, and the only tidings she could get was that he was living in a large town in the Midlands, but she could not find out his address.

The officer noted the particulars, and said he would try to help her. She left her address and expressed the hope that she would hear from him within the next fortnight.

That night, after the Adjutant had retired to rest, he heard a knock at the door. His visitor was a comrade officer in the Assurance Department, who was travelling to a new appointment, but could get no further that night.

Arrangements were made to fix him up. When he was having a little supper, the Adjutant asked where he had come from, whereupon he gave the name of the town mentioned by the lady a few hours previously. At a venture he asked, "Do you happen to know a young man by the name of —?"

To the joy of the officer, his comrade replied, "Yes, I know him well, as he is insured in our Association."

Early next morning, within eighteen hours of the mother's visit, the Adjutant called, and on being invited inside he startled her by saying, "We have found your son, madam." The mother wrote to the address given, it resulted in a reconciliation, and the young man returned to his mother's home.—British War Cry.

TRAITORS WITHIN.

How Troy was Captured.

The fortress of man's soul has been won for the Lord, but within its garrison some traitors lurk.

Troy stood ten years besieging from without, but a few Greek soldiers concealed within the prodigious horse, which the Greeks made and which the Trojans captured as a prize, and took within the city gates, opened the gates of Troy to the Greek army, and Troy fell.

Traitors within the heart are more to be dreaded than foes without. Our defeats come from the inward foes. The inward foe, sin, must be cast out.

Holiness is a command. "Be ye holy." Let no person stagger at this command. God always gives power to comply with His requirements. Duties are privileges. To every command is attached a promise of equal weight.

The man with the withered hand in the synagogue knew well enough that the command, "Stretch forth thine hand," meant that Christ would give ability to obey.

What God commands now must be possible now. God hates evil, and has made provision for its destruction in the hearts of His children; the taint of sin, the leaning to that which is wrong, or the continual struggle with depravity; yet what a crowd are to-day in the same condition as Paul described in Rom. vii.—

"When I would do good evil is present with me."

This is the state, not of the conqueror, but of a slave. The Word of God promises, "The Lord thy God will circumcise thine heart, and the heart of thy seed, to love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul, that thou mayest live."—Victory.

THE STORY OF PANSY.

Against Race Suicide.

In writing up The Army's Summer Camp, the Toledo News-Bee gives the following delicious little "yarn" concerning a patient animal that is contributing not a little to the camp's success:

Pansy is entitled to a Carnegie hero medal.

With myself never to risk the loss of my child's confidence in like manner. I believe that if Winnie, when she comes to me in her small trials and triumphs now, always finds me ready to listen and sympathize or suggest, she will continue to do so when she grows into young girlhood.

The Best is Not too Good.

I hope fathers and mothers will remember, that the best is not too good for the children. Give them the best. I do not mean the first places and the best clothes. That is a mistake, for children should be taught to serve and sacrifice to wait and to take the second place. But the best of yourselves. Be hospitable to the stranger, but do not save your best, most interesting self for company. Think of others outside your homes, but do not give all the treasures of your mind to them.

William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament into English, and afterwards burned at the stake as a martyr, once wrote: "Banish me to the end of the world if you will, only let me preach the Gospel and teach little children." He was willing to give his best to the children.

Give your best to the children. Make home the happiest place on earth. As you look at them now with their bright, winsome ways, their sweet, smiling eyes,

She is only a cow, but she's a heroine just the same, for every day she is saving the lives of little human babies, besides supporting a baby calf of her own. She's against race suicide.

Pansy is a diminutive Jersey, and looked as prosaic as a buffalo calf as she browsed among the burdock, the dog fennel and ragweed out on the commons near Central Grove Park, when seen by News-Bee staff men.

It is estimated that during July and August Pansy will save the lives of at least fifty babies, for she is the cow that furnishes the milk supply for the Salvation Army Summer Camp at Central Grove Park.

She was selected because of her gentle disposition, her motherly attitude and the purity of the lacteal fluid for which she is a veritable reservoir.

Pansy is exclusively the Army's for the next two months, and her milk is fed to the scores of puny babes that are taken from the less favored quarters of the city and kept at the camp until nature has nursed them back again to the plump, cheery babies that they would have been all the time were it not for adverse environments.

With Pansy's milk and life in the open air upon the very bosom of nature, where soft zephyrs croon lullabies night and day, and every breath is laden with the elixir of life, wonders are being performed with weak and emaciated little human beings who would have been stifled to death in some tenement or rookery were it not for this step in "practical religion."—American Cry.

THE BOBBY AND HIS BOOTS.

When a white woman, charged with drunkenness, was handed over to Mrs. Ensign Ingold at the Cape Town Police Court the other day, it was found she was without boots and the question of how to get her to the Home for a moment or two presented some difficulty. It was solved, however, by a kind-hearted policeman lending her a pair of his own for the journey from the Court to Tuin Plein. This poor soul is, we find upon enquiry, now doing nicely, with a number of others who have been well known in Cape Town in a similar direction, under the loving care of Adjutant Quartermaster at "The Rest."—South African War Cry.

rosy cheeks and dimpled hands, you feel they are only fit to be loved and caressed. They will change by and by. The eyes, whose only expression now is love and eagerness, will flash with intelligence and ambition. The fingers, which are only fit to be kissed and work mischief now, will become skillful and useful by and by.

"I'm only smoothing the crushings out," cried the merry, precious little darling, who made glad my heart for seven happy years, as I asked what she was so energetically working at one day. "Only smoothing the crushings out!" She has gone to a bright home, where there are no roughnesses to be smoothed, but I hope the treasures in the homes of my readers may be spared to work out the beautiful impulses of their childish hours and then they will lift the burdens and untangle the problems in the after days, and you will find they will repay you for faithfully, lovingly bearing your responsibility and giving them your best.

(To be continued.)

In our Easter number we published a reproduction of Dietrich's fine picture, "Lord Have Mercy On Us." This should have been published with the following notice:—Copyright, 1894, by Photographische Gesellschaft, and by permission of the Berlin Photographic Company, New York.

The Praying League

Special Topic.—Pray that a man and woman who are doing a terrible traffic in enticing young women into evil ways, may be stopped in their nefarious practice, so young lives may be saved.

Sunday, Aug. 18.—House of the Lord. 2 Chron. iii. 1-17; iv. 1-22.
Monday, Aug. 19.—Sacrifice and Song. 2 Chron. v. 1-14.
Tuesday, Aug. 20.—Consecration Prayer. 2 Chron. vi. 1-20.
Wednesday, Aug. 21.—Remember Him. 2 Chron. vi. 26-41.
Thursday, Aug. 22.—Fire from Heaven. 2 Chron. vii. 1-4; 1 Kings viii. 55-56.
Friday, Aug. 23.—Disobedience. 1 Kings vi. 37-38; vii. 1-9.
Saturday, Aug. 24.—Queen's Verdict. 1 Kings x. 1-20.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

(Continued from last week.)

By Mrs. Blanche Johnston.

Keep Your Child's Confidence.

A good mother writes:—
Last summer I learned a lesson one day, when I was calling on Mrs. Clifford. You know her daughter, Edith

Clifford, that bright, handsome girl, who is so clever and ambitious. Mrs. Clifford was talking to me about Edith. She said that Edith never confided in her—never talked to her of her plans and hopes, her failures and successes, as she did to her own girl friends, or as other girls did to their mothers. She said she felt completely shut out of her daughter's inner life. The tears were in her eyes as she spoke. I felt so sorry for her, and yet I couldn't help thinking she was greatly to blame herself for it, although I am sure she would have been much surprised had anyone told her so, for she has always been a most affectionate and self-sacrificing mother. But often when I was there, when Edith was a tiny girl, I have seen her come to her mother, just as Winnie came to me now, eager to tell some little incident or plan which seemed very trifling to a busy woman, but of great importance in the eyes of a child. Mrs. Clifford would push her away, sometimes impatiently, saying: "Edith, dear, mother is too busy," or "There, there, I haven't time to bother now." Edith's face would cloud over and she would go away with quivering lips. What wonder if, after repeated repulses, the child came to think that none of her little interests mattered to her mother? She has grown up with that impression, and it can never be effaced. I thought of all this while Mrs. Clifford was speaking, and I made a com-



"Following the Metal Carefully; Tom Found the Gun, Which He Emptied of the Priming."

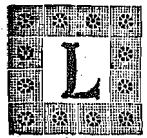
TOM OF THE FENS

SECOND INSTALLMENT

OF OUR NEW SERIAL.

CHAPTER II.

FOURTEEN DAYS' "HARD."



LAST week we left Tom face to face with what he had hitherto so persistently avoided—hard labor. Fourteen days of prison life might have seemed as a mole-hill to a man whose sensibilities had been blunted by previous convictions—a sentence to be gone through "on your 'ead easy," an old hand would have said. But to our hero, who had, so far, enjoyed a liberty which bordered on license, the prospect was formidable indeed.

In a Bad Way.

It was bad enough to be mauled and banded about without any regard to personal preferences, but to be compelled to perform work which brought forth no sort of remuneration, so far as the worker was concerned, was especially distasteful to Tom; and but for a certain shrewd faculty which told him that rebellion on his part would be worse than useless, it is pretty certain that his jailors would have been treated as unceremoniously as were certain game-keepers, whom we shall mention later on.

And even though Tom had failed to see that the odds were against him, there were those at hand to advise him. Forty years ago the lack of proper classification of prisoners, and the consequent mixing up of first with old offenders, was a glaring evil common to county jail and convict prison. When the rebellion in Tom's soul commenced to find expression in clenched fist and grinding teeth, the old-timers's caution to "stow it" came none too soon, for Tom, though still in his teens, had already become a law unto himself, and knew no higher form of freedom or enjoyment than such as might be obtained by kicking over the traces.

On the Tread-Mill.

"Anyone can lead a horse to the water, but few can make him drink," thought Tom, as he followed the warder, whose duty it was to introduce newcomers sentenced to hard labor, to what is known as "the mill." Tom soon found, however, that water and tread-wheel are two different things. To refuse to drink bore no comparison in its effects with the refusal to tread. There are other feet upon the wheel, and he who refuses to raise his feet receives the step of the wheel against his shins with remorseless regularity; therefore, to disregard the proffered step would have been like cutting off his nose to spite his face.

The "mill," or tread-wheel, used in the prisons of Great Britain for enforcing a portion of the sentence of im-

prisonment with hard labor, consists of a hollow cylinder of wood on an iron frame, and revolving on an iron axle. The cylinder is usually about five or six feet in diameter, and on its outer circumference are steps about seven and a half inches apart. The weight of the prisoners coming on these steps in succession causes the wheel to revolve. The speed is regulated by a brake, and the prisoner ascends at the rate of fifty-two feet per minute. They are kept at this work six hours a day, the time being divided into two periods of three hours each, and during these periods they are on the wheel for spells of fifteen minutes, and then resting five minutes. Tom, therefore, ascended 8,640 feet per day. This was going up in the world with a vengeance!

When on the wheel it was impossible for him to hold any sort of intercourse with the other men owing to wooden partitions which are placed so that each man works in a separate compartment. Each compartment has a hand rail by which a prisoner steadies and partly supports himself while the wheel is moving. The crank is sometimes substituted for the wheel, and is worked in the cells. The prisoner turns a handle as when raising a bucket of water from a well. The weight or pressure of the crank is regulated to twelve pounds, and the prisoner is expected in six hours to make eight or ten thousand revolutions, the number being recorded on a dial.

Mental Visions.

Tom had a taste of both these pastimes, and before his sentence had expired, had many times compared them unfavorably with brick-making, while he mentally cursed his luck, and what appeared to him like cowardly meanness on the part of the older men who had snaked off the night he was taken, leaving him to meet his fate as best he might. The prospect of paying them for their desertion was the only thing left from which to draw consolation; but it was sorry comfort at best, and during the silent hours of the night the memory of all those delicious sounds which go to make up country life made him feel feverish and wakeful. He even fancied he could hear the splash of rain in the copse, and catch the dripping of the eaves outside the window of the cottage in which he was born. When Sunday came all work was stopped, and during the hours which dragged along so slowly it seemed to Tom as though all Colsterworth came clamoring at his heart and brain. He saw his mother come in from chapel with the Sabbath peace he knew so well upon her face; saw her busy herself about the midday meal, setting the coarse, but Sabbath-clean cloth upon the kitchen table, humming to herself snatches of a Methodist hymn, as

she transferred the few necessary utensils from dresser shelf to table. Once he was fain to brush a tear from his ruddy cheek as he thought he saw her hesitate when about to place the knife and fork he was wont to use. He fancied he could hear the sigh she heaved as, turning from the table, she said, falteringly, "Oor Tom 'ull not need they things the day." Being sober, he wondered at himself, that he, the son of pious folk, should so easily have sold his freedom and banished himself from the society of decent folk.

Out Again.

Out of such thoughts as these came a resolve as strong but no stronger than the individual who made it. "Never no more!" Tom said to himself. The company about him, and the stifling restraints which met him at every turn disgusted him. He began to count the hours which must elapse before he could swing his arms and stretch his legs as heretofore, and his anxiety to speed the lagging hours made him attack the tasks allotted him with almost savage energy.

At last Tom's sentence expired. It had been the longest fortnight of his life, so far, and when, in after years, he came to look back over protracted periods of punishment, he could find nothing to equal the misery of this, his first term of imprisonment. Neither was there ever a time when he would have been more amenable to good influences had such been brought to bear upon him, before evil habits had become so confirmed as to be regarded by him as second nature. But owing to the shortness of his sentence, no one had thought it worth while to interfere with the moral training tread-wheel and crank were intended to impart.

When Tom once more found himself free to go whither he listed, he drew in deep breaths of fresh air, and swung his long arms about, reaching above his head and snatching at the branches of trees, which he snapped off and broke up in sheer wantonness of recovered freedom. Then, having made quite sure that he had lost none of his limbs inside those gloomy walls from which he had been released, he set his face towards home without any definite plans for the future.

One thing he must do—call at the "Black Crow" and square matters with those who had treated him so shabbily. This was no part of the solemn resolve he had made—never to deserve a second term of imprisonment; but with each mile his long strides put between him and the jail, all his old interest in life returned. Thoughts born of the earth crowded out any better desires which his solitary position may have called up, so that it was very much the old Tom who strode into the "Black Crow" and called for a glass of ale.

A Mother's Prayers.

If the landlord was surprised, he kept his astonishment to himself, and served without any questions other than such as might be read in his round, bleary eyes and pursed-up mouth. But if the landlord of the "Black Crow" had lost count of the days which must elapse before Tom made one of the nightly band

that smoked and drank and brawled in the tiny kitchen which did duty for tap-room and bar, not so Tom's mother. Night and morning the Almighty had been reminded of "Oor Tom," and each day of his sentence, as it passed, had been religiously deducted from the sum total. Although she knew perfectly well that, once caught, he might not come forth till the last nothing had been paid, she yet continued to leave the cottage door each night on the latch. The thought of locking herself in snugly while her prodigal boy was abroad made her heart ache, and she derived some little comfort from the consciousness that he could enter "if so be he might."

Perhaps the story of Peter liberated from chains and imprisonment by an angel, and in the night time, may have had something to do with the illusion. Certain it is that in her mind there would have been no incongruity in an angel making her boy the subject of such a miracle as he was good enough to perform for Peter, because by some mysterious process of reasoning she saw in Tom what no one else could see—a lad who only needed conversion to make him head and shoulders above those who now set him down as a drunken sot, loafer, and ne'er-do-well. When approached by sympathizing neighbors about the lad's delinquencies, she would invariably cut the gossip short by saying, "Let be, let be; the lad does nobody any harm but hisself!" What she meant by such an assertion nobody knew, and it never occurred to anyone to wonder whether she knew herself. Perhaps she only used it because it left nothing more to be said, and so saved her from discussing a painful subject.

"Oor Tom" Drunk Again.

Perhaps it was fortunate that Tom did not, that first day of his release, find an opportunity of "squaring" the chaps who had deserted him so meanly. Had he done so, the chances are that he might have again been taken into custody by those who know now where to look for a job when time hung heavy upon their hands. What did happen was not much better, however.

At eleven o'clock at night there were heavy, unsteady steps outside the cottage, and when Tom's mother, who had been in bed for several hours, but had not slept, came down and opened the cottage door, she knew that "conversion" had not come yet to "Oor Tom." Neither had the County Jail cured him of his love of ale. Though glad to have him once more beneath her roof, it was not the return she had looked forward to. Still, she would pray on. God would not fail her.

* * *

When Tom found himself among his old surroundings, he fell back very easily into his old ways. His love of rambling at night reasserted itself, and he contrived to turn these vigils to some account. Already well versed in the art of poaching, he began to mend his fortunes by snaring game or transferring the game already snared by someone else to his own pockets.

(To be continued.)

PICTURES & PARAGRAPHS.

How to Look at Misfortunes.

The Actor who Gained Through Loss.

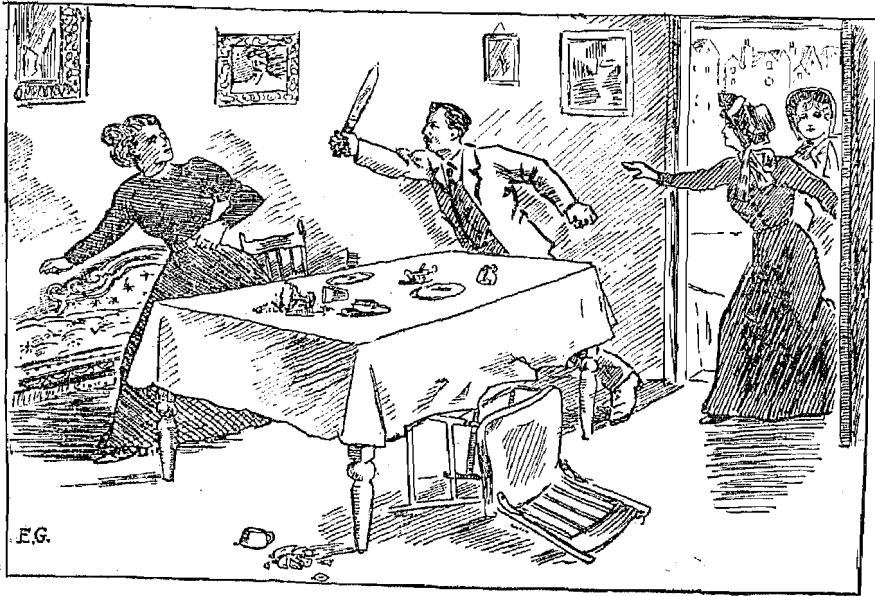
During a week night meeting at the Woodstock, Ont., Corps, an elderly stranger arose to speak. His coat was worn and threadbare, and one sleeve was pinned across his breast, but in spite of his shabby appearance it could easily be seen that he was no ordinary tramp.

His voice was deep and resonant and echoed clearly throughout the hall, as

derer, nonplussed, stopped and listened. They told him of the rooms they had opened and furnished near by; "but there is one thing," they added, "which we haven't got—a carving knife. Will you give us yours?"

This amazing madman did so, and ordered his wife to get tea for the peace-makers. Over the teacups they talked, and with such effect that now, said the General, that man and his wife are respected sergeants in the Salvation Army.

Another story of the General's worth repeating is about an heir to a title,



He Chased His Wife With a Carving Knife.

with a slight trace of dignity he related his experience. "Twenty-five years ago," he began, "I was in this town and was then the head of a theatrical company. I thank God to-night that I am in His service, and though it has meant losing my position and becoming a poor man, yet I esteem the riches of Christ of more worth than the treasures of this world. I have ceased to use my talents for the purpose of gaining the plaudits of the crowd and making questionable gains, and now seek only to do good to my fellow-men and help them to the height. Fourteen years ago I lost my arm and the accident has seriously interfered with my gaining a livelihood, but I can testify that God has cared for me and has supplied my needs, and though it is hard to live in such poverty after enjoying all the luxuries of this life, yet I accept with thankfulness what my Heavenly Father sends me, and regard my misfortunes as the disciplinary rod of a wise God, who thus seeks to try me and prove me and fit me for His Heavenly Kingdom."

How true it is that what the world only sees as loss and misfortune may be really the means of bringing eternal gain to the soul if we will only accept all things from God.

Murder Prevented.

One of the General's Stories.

The General tells the following story: Two Salvation lassies were patrolling the streets on their mission of mercy after midnight, when a policeman stopped them.

"I wish you would go into a house round there," he said; "there's a man murdering his wife. I can't go. I mustn't leave my beat." The dauntless lassies entered the house and found the man chasing his terrified wife round a room with a carving knife in his hand.

"Stop!" they cried. "We want to speak to you." And the potential mur-

derer, nonplussed, stopped and listened. They told him of the rooms they had opened and furnished near by; "but there is one thing," they added, "which we haven't got—a carving knife. Will you give us yours?"

This amazing madman did so, and ordered his wife to get tea for the peace-makers. Over the teacups they talked, and with such effect that now, said the General, that man and his wife are respected sergeants in the Salvation Army.

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The Old Newsboy.

"The Home of a Noble Soul."

A rather celebrated character in Kansas City known as "The Old Newsboy," has passed away in an Army Shelter. At one time he was a business man, and in fair circumstances, but his over-generosity and charity towards the poor caused his failure. For a number of years he sold papers on the streets for a living. He was a noble character. One of the photographers of the city had his photo taken in the act of sleeping over his newspapers, and underneath were the words: "The Home of a Noble Soul." The picture took the first prize at the exhibition. He was tenderly cared for throughout his illness by the Army, as the following editorial from the Star will show:

"In the arms of the Salvation Army, it may be said, Henry Sleight, 'The Old Newsboy,' who died yesterday at the Citadel at Thirteenth and Walnut, was tenderly nursed during an illness of many weeks, and at the end gently borne down into the Valley of the Shadow. This worn and weary pilgrim could not have received attention more kindly and thoughtful, or affection more ungrudgingly, if he had known the retreat of a comfortable home. Can society overestimate the value of the real beneficence of an organization that can give to the poor, the aged and the homeless the comfort and the protection which the Old Newsboy found at the Salvation Army Citadel in his last days."

A Pigeon Incident.

An Apt Illustration.

An extraordinary incident occurred on a recent Sunday night. Major Jordan, speaking from the words, "But we see Jesus," referred to His baptism, and was describing the descent of the Holy Spirit in the form of a dove, when a beautiful pigeon flew in at the open window, alighted upon the beam just over the platform, and rested there during the remainder of the meeting, apparently not in the least disturbed by the music and singing.

"The bird was evidently a 'homer,' which had lost its way, and I took the opportunity," says the Major, of addressing the bird as baffled, tired, and lost, yet grateful for the shelter of our hall, and applied the incident to backsliders, five of whom, thank God, found their way back to the Saviour's sheltering arms."

Champion Life Saver

Finds Salvation at an Army Shelter.

"He saved others, himself he could not save," said the Lieutenant at the Shelter, in referring to one of the most interesting cases of conversion he has ever dealt with.

John Cropper, a notorious swimmer and life-saver, who knelt at the penitential form a short time ago, acknowledged that, although he has rescued twenty-seven lives, and holds silver medals of two societies and the gold medal for conspicuous bravery at sea, he was totally unable to quell the storm of passion which until then had raged in his heart and been his master.

It is the old, old story—ambition, success, popularity, companionship, drink and—ruin.

Cheats Big River.

Aged Woman Prevented from Drowning.

The St. Louis Times tells the story of the latest reclamation from self destruction:

"Homeless and penniless, Mrs. Josephine Rudler, sixty years old, who lived at the rear of 310 Couvent street, was intercepted by a Salvation Army Corps as she was nearing the Mississippi River to drown herself early Friday. She was taken to the Army's Open-air Camp at Ramona Park and will remain there until a home for her is found.

"Tears of gratitude rolled down the aged woman's cheeks when she was assured that she was not to be prosecuted for her attempt at suicide, but would be provided with an asylum during her declining years.

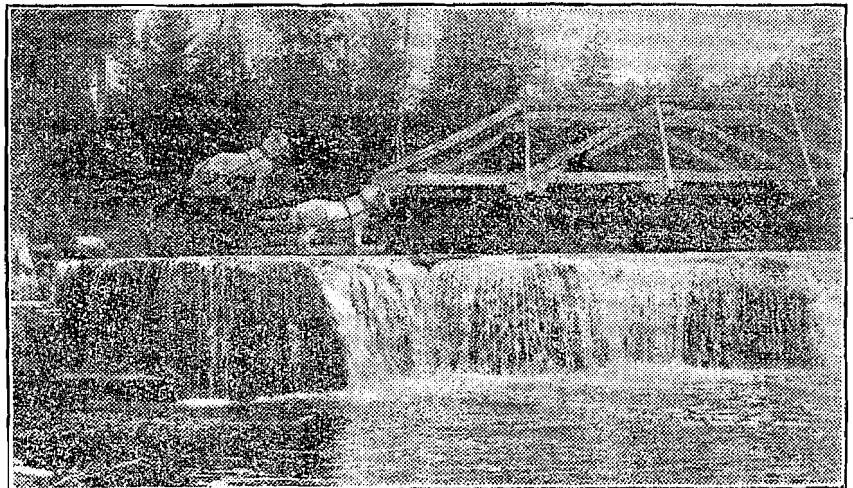
"A squad of Salvation Army workers were gathering a party of mothers and children for transportation to the camp on Friday, when they learned that Mrs. Rudler, who had been living with another aged woman, had been evicted. She was overtaken near the river bank.

"I have no home and no money. What else is there for me but the river?" she asked her rescuers. Her joy was unbounded when Captain Apfel, in charge of the Army Dispensary at Fourteenth and Olive streets, told her in German, her native tongue, that henceforth she was a charge of the Army and it would see that she was provided for.

Impervious to Bribery.

So Says Commissioner Nicol.

"I am proud of knowing, however, some people who not only appreciate the value for good of a dollar bill, but whose lives are a constant rebuke to its army of worshippers, and supply striking proof



This Picture Represents a Charming Scene in New Ontario, Visted by the Commissioner Recently.

A hero in the eyes of the world, honored, courted, and envied, he scarcely bargained, in the flush of youth, for the day when he would be brought so low.

Yet we find him weary of himself, of the world, and of life itself, until in desperation he seeks The Army Shelter, and handing over to the officer what little money he has left, says:

"Keep this for me, for the sake of my little darlings at home. If you don't I shall only spend it in beer. I know it will be safe with you." Then, turning away, he exclaims, "I'll try and be better."

But the story would hardly be complete if finished here. After finding salvation at the Shelter, he returned to his wife and children, and is going to be a Salvation soldier.

to the fact that it is possible to resist with ease the allurements and snares and pitfalls which the dollar creates. That people is the Salvation Army. I spoke to an officer a few weeks ago who was offered \$2,500, or £500, to leave his post. The former companion to the girl who received £480 per annum as a stenographer is a Salvationist, and has just turned her back upon a position at £20 per month to become a clerk at our Headquarters with the ultimate idea of becoming an officer at twenty-four shillings per week. A woman officer in charge of a difficult corps could, if she chose, walk off our platform and engage in a humanitarian work at £20 per month, but she prefers the platform of the Salvation Army with its pittance of an emolument to any position outside with a salary ten times what she receives as a Salvationist."

THE WORLD AND ITS WAYS.

Earl Grey on Ottawa.

His Excellency Earl Grey has sent from Sydney, N.S., the following stirring greeting to the Ottawa Old Boys, now in the Capital for the summer carnival. After expressing his regret at not being able to personally take part in the celebration of Ottawa's fiftieth anniversary as the Federal City of Canada, his Excellency says: "I never walk in the streets of Ottawa or along the beautiful drives of Rockcliffe Park without remembering, and with a feeling of exultation, that I am treading on soil which, before the close of the present century will carry the Capital City of a nation of eighty millions. I never look at the buildings on Parliament Hill without a feeling of admiration for and gratitude to the old boys of 1860, who planned so bravely and so well, and I hope the example of their faith in the future of their country will animate every successive generation from the Atlantic to the Pacific."

Twenty Miles of Warships.

That must have been a wonderfully inspiring, picturesque, stately and significant ceremonial recently conducted in the waters of the Solent, when King Edward and Queen Alexandra reviewed a magnificent assemblage of ships of war led by the leviathan, Dreadnought. This great display constitutes the new home fleet and spread out in seven long lines, with the softest and richest scenery in all England on either hand telling of the delights of peace, it formed more than twenty miles of frowning might and showed every type of naval construction from the battleship to the submarine.

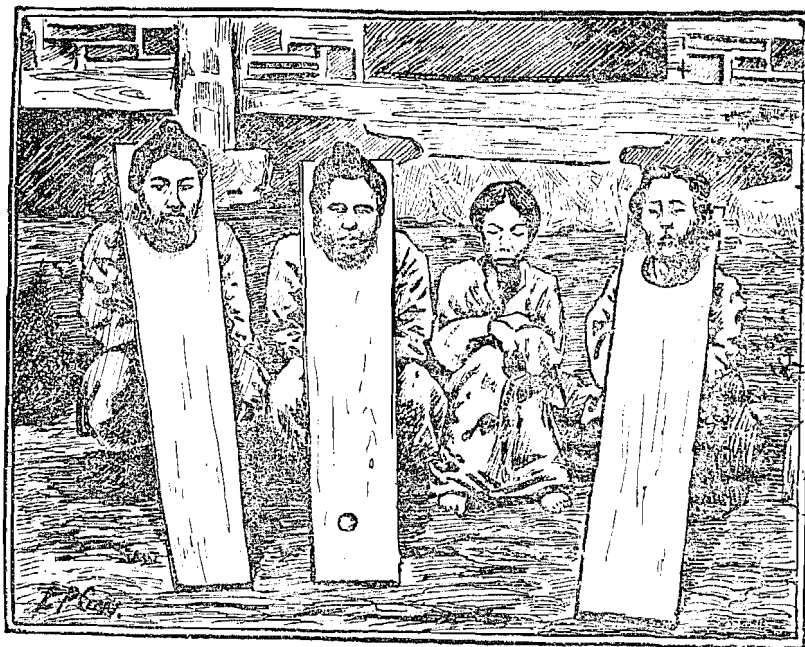
Every vessel was decorated with a rainbow of hunting and manned by bluejackets, who cheered mightily as the King and Queen steamed through the lines.

As night drew her curtains down on this display of British sea power, there was a signal from the royal yacht. At once each ship became outlined in electric lights. Thirty-five thousand officers and men took part in the great review.

King Edward after the review decorated all the Admirals taking part with the Victorian Order, including Admiral George Stanley Bosanquet, who receives the Cross.

Facing Coal Famine.

There begins to be promise of another coal famine during the coming winter, according to a special despatch to the Toronto Globe, with the accompanying possibility that the experiences of the last winter may be repeated with even



Korean Prisoners.

A Class Amongst Whom the Salvation Army Will Soon be Working.

greater severity throughout the Northwest. Signs pointing in this direction are to be found in the condition of the car supply. The car shortage commenced to make its reappearance over three weeks ago, and has grown steadily worse, until for the past two weeks the mines of the Crow's Nest Pass have been most seriously hampered. After all has been told concerning the causes which produced the coal shortage last winter, the lack of cars for the transportation of coal has been found to have been the chief factor. That being the case, there can be no question that another coal famine is ahead of the Northwest, unless salutary measures are adopted, either by the railroads or the Government.

A Meeting of Emperors.

The German Emperor and Emperor Nicholas of Russia have met at sea, being advised of each other's whereabouts by means of wireless telegraphy. Emperor Nicholas called upon the German Emperor, and was invited to remain on board the Hohenzollern and review the German fleet. The Hohenzollern, with its convoy of warships, then returned to Swinemunde, and the two Emperors reviewed the German fleet. The German Emperor paid his return call to the Russian Sovereign on board the Standart in the afternoon, and the two sovereigns had a long talk. There is a published explanation of the interesting fact that almost concurrently with the meeting of the German and Russian Emperors in the Bal-

tic Sea, the King of Great Britain and the Emperor of Austria-Hungary will hold a similar meeting in the little Austrian town of Ischl. It is surmised that the venerable Emperor will endeavor to bring about a final reconciliation between the King and his nephew, the Emperor of Germany. It is to be hoped for the sake of the world's peace that he will succeed if there is any need of his services.

England and Russia.

It is reported that the British Government is about to conclude an arrangement with Russia by which the outstanding difficulties regarding the Indian frontier of Persia are to be amicably settled.

It is not a matter which affects the domestic affairs of Russia. It neither implies nor states any approval of the Czar's Government. It pertains merely to the delimitation of the boundaries in that part of the world where the interests of two great empires meet.

The arrangement, which will, of course, be sanctioned by the House of Commons, is one of great importance to Great Britain. It will enable Great Britain for the time being, at all events, to remove the danger of any conflict of interests with Russia on the northwest frontier of India and in Persia.

The Standard Oil Company.

One is accustomed to hear big things spoken of in connection with Standard Oil, and especially big numbers when dollars are concerned. We expect, however, that the sum of \$29,240,000 will not conjure up pleasant visions in the minds of the heads of that giant company, inasmuch as that is the amount that Judge Landis in the United States District Court has imposed as a fine upon the Standard Oil Co. of Indiana upon the 1,462 counts of the indictments on which that company was recently convicted of rebating or of having had their goods carried by a lower rate than those named in the carriers' tariff.

The judge also recommended that a call be issued for a special Grand Jury, which is to consider the other party to the rebating operations of which the Standard Oil Company was found guilty, and it is therefore probable that within a short time proceedings will be commenced against the Chicago & Alton Railroad Company for the alleged commission of similar offences.

Canada in London.

According to a London journal, it appears that the Canadian Government has agreed to take the whole of the Strand frontage of the Aldwych site for colonial offices.

From St. Clement Danes Church to a point westward of St. Mary's, the northern side of the new Strand is to form almost an unbroken line of buildings given up entirely to the interests of Canada and Australia.

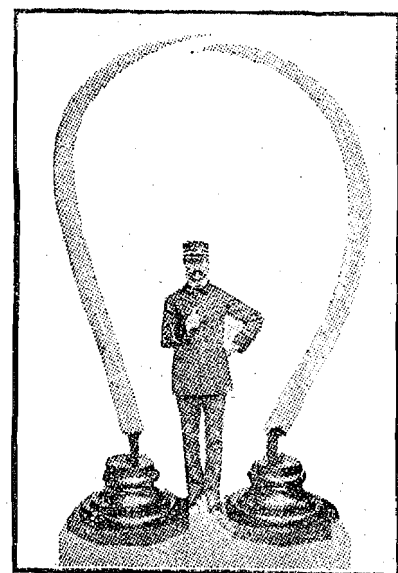
It will be remembered that the syndicate informed the City Council that something like half a million would be spent on developing the site. Fully £400,000 of this is proposed for the Canadian offices.

In these buildings it is hoped to concentrate all Canadian interests, with a large central hall to be known as Strathcona Hall.

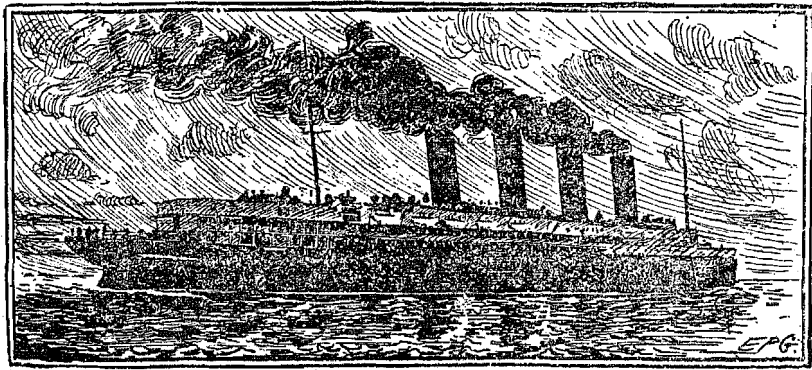
Nickel Pennies.

It is probable that with the opening of the Ottawa branch of the Royal Mint in November or December next a new nickel penny may be introduced into the Canadian coinage. It is felt there is need for a penny piece in Canada, and a nickel coin worth two cents would not have the disadvantages in respect to cumbersome size and weight which necessitated the discarding of the old copper penny. The use of nickel in the Canadian coinage would also afford another convenient market for the large nickel areas now being exploited at Cobalt. The new mint will employ about sixty men, and will turn out between sixteen million and twenty million coins per year. At present the British Mint is turning out on the average about sixteen million Canadian coins per year.

THE WORLD'S RECORD ELEPHANT TUSKS.



The New York Zoological Society has just had presented to it the most remarkable pair of "living" elephant tusks which the modern world has ever known. Indeed, one can hardly believe in gazing at them that they have not come from an extinct mammoth of gigantic size. The left tusk measures on the curve 11 feet 5 1-2 inches, the other 11 feet, and the net weight of the two is 293 pounds. Usually a large "living" elephant tusk is very thick and rather straight. The features of the pair under notice are their symmetry and beautiful curvature. They were recently owned by King Menelik of Abyssinia, who presented them to a European officer. Eventually they were bought by Mr. Rowland Ward, who sold them to Mr. Charles T. Barney, of the New York Zoological Society.



The Lusitania, the Largest Steamship Afloat.

The great size of the Lusitania may be realized when it is known that with an ordinary amount of cargo and passengers the throbbing mass of steel and fittings will weigh more than forty-five thousand tons. She is 750 feet in length, 88 feet in breadth and 60 feet in moulded depth, with a load draught

of 37 feet 6 inches. The turbine engines which are to drive the four propellers of the liner at a twenty-five knot gait are to develop 70,000 horse-power, or nearly 25,000 horse-power more than the great quadruple reciprocating engines of the Kaiser Wilhelm II., of the North German Lloyd line, the highest type of their kind in the world.

In a Tight Corner.

A Lassie Lieutenant's Dilemma, and How She Got Out of It.

The first convert had knelt at the mercy sent at last. What a victory! The Lieutenant was in transports of joy and could not rest that night till she had penned a report to the War Cry, describing all about the great event. How had it all come about? It had seemed so desperately hard at first when she had been sent alone to the little corps and found the whole town prejudiced against the Army because her predecessor had been unfaithful. She remembered the night when she arrived at the deserted Quarters and found three large bundles of War Crys on the table waiting to be sold. Everything was so cold and cheerless, and she felt very, very lonely, and the task before her seemed so great that she too was tempted to run away. It would have been the easiest thing to do, but then she thought of the few soldiers who were there. It might discourage them altogether if she failed to do her duty. She thought of the townspeople, of the whole host of sinners and backsliders who would perhaps go to hell unless she did her part in pleading with them and warning them to flee from the wrath to come. She thought of Jesus, who for the joy set before Him endured the Cross, despising the shame, and gave an example to His followers in all ages. She thought of the good name of the Army, and how it would doubly suffer if she also proved unfaithful. Then she prayed for strength to do the right, to act according to principle and not be unduly influenced by feelings.

Next day she tackled the first pile of War Crys, and starting in to call from house to house, she soon managed to sell them. The second pile went the following day, and yet there was a good deal of ground to cover before she had visited every house in town.

The Lieutenant told the people just how matters stood, and more perhaps out of sympathy for her than anything else, they bought her papers, and in a few days the whole were sold and she was ready to go on with the next week's supply. Thus a brave start was made, and it led to greater things.

Whilst in a saloon one day with her War Crys, a young man bought one off her and got deeply interested in its contents. This led him to attend some of the meetings, and he became quite concerned about his soul. For several weeks he kept coming and one night he boldly walked out to the front and knelt at the penitent form. That was the beginning of a more prosperous era for the corps and the faith and courage of the Lieutenant were rewarded by her seeing many desperate sinners saved, backsliders reclaimed, and a happy band of enthusiastic soldiers of Christ working cheerfully together for the good of their fellows. She was glad she had held on to God and the right and persevered in spite of difficulties and discouragement. To-day she is the wife of a popular and well-known Staff Officer.

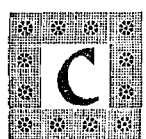
A Salvation lassie at Gatehead, who hopes soon to become a Corps Cadet, was seeking her first situation. The gentleman to whom she applied asked her for a reference. Not having been employed before she had no reference she could give. Then the gentleman, spying her Army brooch, and seeing the General's photo suspended from it, said, "Well, I will take the General for a reference. Will that do?" You can imagine how pleased she was. "You see," she says, "the General got me the place."

A Happy and Successful Captain.

Fought God for Three Years, but Finally Made a Complete Surrender.



Captain Jones.



CAPTAIN C. L. JONES is a New Brunswicker, and was brought up near the town of Woodstock. When she was about ten years of age her father met with serious financial losses, which caused him a great deal of worry. Whilst detained in the town on business matters he saw and heard the Salvation Army, and as a result got converted. He went home a changed man, and instead of talking about his misfortunes he was full of praise to God. In his pocket was a War Cry, which his little daughter soon espied and asked to look at the pictures. Thus the future Captain received her first impressions of the good work accomplished by the Salvation Army.

I Will Never Come.

It was not until several years had passed, however, that she attended an Army meeting. Accustomed as she was to the quiet country church service, she thought it very strange for people to be so enthusiastic over religion. She was very much impressed by their zeal and earnestness, however, and felt convinced of her need of salvation.

One night, as she and her sister sat in the barracks, the spirit of God strove mightily with both of them, and a consecrated worker for Christ came to try and persuade them to yield.

"Will you go to the penitent form with me?" sobbed her sister.

"Yes, do come, both of you," pleaded the sister.

Very deliberately came the answer from the proud and stubborn girl: "You may as well leave me, I will never come to a Salvation Army penitent form; when I get saved it will be in my own church or in my room."

Pride's Barrier.

Then fearing that she might break down and yield after all, she got up and rushed out of the building as the soldiers started to sing—

"God is love, I know, I feel,
Jesus lives and loves me still."

How the words seemed to ring in her ears that night. In agony of soul she went to her room, but not to rest. She wished she could yield to God, but her stubborn will was not yet broken and her pride came as a barrier between her and the meek and lowly Jesus. She knelt and cried to God to have mercy on her, but it seemed as if the heavens were as brass and no answer came to her agonized pleadings.

"Lord spare me until Monday night and then I will go to the Army penitent form," she cried at last, almost in despair. The promise was not kept, however, for on Monday night she felt that it was impossible to yield and her heart grew cold and hard. From that time she plunged into worldliness, and for three long years tried to satisfy her soul with earthly pleasures. What an aching void there was in her heart, though! Nothing but spiritual things could satisfy her soul and she hungered after them. On New Year's Eve, 1900, she went to a Watch Night Service of the Salvation Army, fully convinced that this would be the last chance God would give her.

The Conflict.

As the meeting progressed the tempter made a last desperate effort to prevent this soul from obtaining peace with God.

"What will your relatives and friends think of you?" he said. Beside her sat her mother and sister, and a fierce conflict went on in the girl's heart. Just at this point a poor backslider arose to his feet and spoke to the people. "Friends," he said, "you all know I am a backslider. Once I was a happy man, but to night I am far from it. A few years ago, after having experienced some hard fighting, I was at a watch night service in this hall. As the clock struck midnight, and while God's people were re-consecrating themselves to the war, the devil tempted me to give up following Christ and go in for money-making. That night I decided to forsake God and worship mammon. I have prospered and perhaps everybody thinks I am happy, but in reality I am the most miserable of men. My heart seems as hard as a stone, and I feel it is no use to pray. I warn you young men and women not to resist the spirit of God."

Miss Jones heard no more, and all she remembers of the rest of the meeting is that somehow or other she got to the penitent form, and there God pardoned her sins. She walked in God's ways for several weeks after that with a glorious peace in her heart. Then her friends urged her to join the Church, but she felt that God wanted her to become a soldier in the Army. After some opposition from outside and a struggle with herself she gave in and was duly enrolled.

Obedying the Call.

She soon afterwards heard the call to officership, and obeyed it. As a result she has spent five of the happiest years of her life in the service of God and the Salvation Army, and has had the joy of seeing over eight hundred and fifty souls surrender to God in meetings she has conducted.

Captain Jones was first sent as assistant to Adjutant and Mrs. Allen at Woodstock. Then she went as Lieutenant to Burk's Falls and Orangeville, and as Captain to Sault Ste. Marie, Ont., where two hundred souls sought Christ in eleven months. She then travelled around Ontario as a member of a soul-saving troupe, and for a short time was stationed at Yorkville. From there she was sent away out to St. John's II., Newfoundland, where she had the oversight of about thirty women cadets, besides the heavy corps work. For two years and four months she held this responsible position, and during that time four hundred and fifty-five souls were saved, eighty-seven of whom she had the pleas-

ure of enrolling as soldiers of the Salvation Army. She is now in charge of Toronto Junction, and is vigorously carrying on a tent campaign. Her highest ambition in life is to do the will of God, and in obeying Him every day she is proving that the surest way to happiness is to deny self and live for others.

Pretty Wedding at St. Catharines S. A. Citadel.

Lieut.-Col. Sharp Ties the Knot.

Another marriage—the second this summer—was solemnized in the Salvation Army Citadel on Monday evening. The contracting parties, Miss Eliza Whittaker and Mr. Gregory Page, were both English immigrants, having arrived in the city from the old country a few years ago.

The citadel was prettily decorated with evergreens, which presented a most pleasing effect. There was a large attendance, the little building being taxed to its full capacity.

Mrs. Colonel Sharp read the Scriptures, which were the 25th chapter of St. Matthew.

Major and Mrs. Green sang a duet, which was well received and well deserved the great appreciation which was accorded it. The Major also spoke in a complimentary manner of the two young English people Lieutenant-Colonel Sharp was about to unite in the holy bonds of matrimony. His remarks were followed by a few along the same lines by Mrs. Sharp, who wished them a happy married life.

Lieutenant-Colonel Sharp then performed the ceremony which made Gregory Page and Eliza Whittaker man and wife. The bride was very simply gowned, be attired in her Army uniform of blue.

During the evening the band rendered several selections.

After the ceremony those in attendance retired to the large hall in the basement of the citadel, where a sumptuous wedding supper had been prepared. Many friends will wish the contracting parties every success in their married life.

Eight Months' Work.

Progress in Every Department.

A review of the work done by the Salvation Army in Guelph during the past eight months, under the leadership of Captain Bertha Thompson, assisted by local officers and soldiers, has been of a very gratifying character. Progress has been made in every department. The number of converts shows a percentage of fifty per cent. added to the roll of membership, many of them taking a prominent part in the work. An additional open-air meeting on Monday evenings is being principally conducted by the converts of the past few months. The various efforts put forth have been most successful, including self-denial for home and foreign missionary work; also the painting, graining and repairs of hall, which work is at present in operation. The officers feel deeply grateful to all soldiers and friends for their practical sympathy and help. The general finances are good. The band under the leadership of Bandmaster B. Dawson shows a decided improvement both in numbers and quality of music. Much regret was expressed in regard to the losing of one of its members, Bro. John Juhlin, who faredwell for Alaska. The Sunday School, in charge of Mr. Dawson, sr., and his co-workers shows a steady advance.—Jas. Ryder, Cor.

Rules to Remember.

BY ACTING COMMISSIONER SOWTON.

Be quite sure that you enjoy the blessing of a clean heart at the present moment; and don't fail to testify definitely to it whenever you have an opportunity.

If things happen that you don't understand don't trouble yourself about them, but just go on with your work.

Don't criticize the actions of others without remembering that there may be circumstances connected with them that you do not understand, and which, if you knew or understood them would present the matter in quite another light. Never believe a tale until you have heard both sides of it.

A Foolish Young Promotion to Glory of Fellow. Commissioner Higgins.

Who Broke His Sisters Heart and
Wronged His Parents.

A MEMORY SKETCH.

By the Editor.



"I wonder who that young man is who comes to our meetings so often and seems to be so deeply under conviction?" said a Captain to her Lieutenant one night after a hard Sunday's battle.

"I think he has run away from his home and is unwilling to ask his parents' forgiveness. He has often told me when I have dealt with him that home troubles have brought him up here. I wish he would get right, for he seems so bright and intelligent, and knows what to do to obtain salvation, yet he will not do it."

For many weeks the young man had been living in the little northern town doing rough work, to which he was evidently unaccustomed, and putting in his evenings at the Army hall. At first he had evidently come to while away the time, but the constant stream of truth which was directed at his soul and made plain by the Holy Spirit had completely awakened him and he was desperately under conviction of sin. He would not surrender, however, and becoming restless, he went off to the Northwest and the officers thought they had seen the last of him.

How He Returned.

In a few months' time, however, he came back, looking haggard and uneasy. It was plain that conscience had been tormenting him during those long months on the prairies, and his soul was crying out for the peace of God. In stubborn rebellion he still resisted the entreaties of God's servants and refused to obey the voice of the Spirit, and one day what seemed like a judgment fell on him.

With tears streaming from his eyes he came around to the Quarters one day and asked the officers to pray for him. In his hand was a telegram saying that his only sister had died, brokenhearted at his treatment of his parents. With almost her last breath she had asked if her brother was coming home, and then passed away to the Better Land.

"Oh, this is a bitter, bitter lesson," was all the broken-hearted lad could say as he knelt on the floor and sought God's forgiveness.

He Wrote Home.

"Now, you must write home to your parents at once," said the kind-hearted Captain, who, though touched by the sight of his grief, yet remembered the anxious mother in the city and how she would be longing to hear of her boy's repentance and waiting to welcome him home.

From that day the young man ceased his foolish controversy with God and was soon reconciled to his parents, and though the memory of how he was responsible for his sister's early death can never be wiped away, yet he is striving in God's strength to do what is right and is living to heal the broken-hearted instead of causing tear drops of woe on account of his folly and wickedness.

FAREWELL OF CADETS FOR THE TRAINING HOME.

On Sunday, the 14th July, Cadets Mayo and Collins farewelled from Burin for the Training Home, there to be trained for the field work. They have our prayers for success in the fight for God and right. Capt. Tuck conducted the meetings, and one sister found salvation. We are glad to report victory and the defeat of the devil all along the line.—J. Inkpen, Sergeant.

WAS summoned into the room of Canada's Commissioner. He sat at his table, and in his hand held a decoded cable message. There was sadness in his face, and sorrow in his tones as he motioned me to a seat and said: "Commissioner Higgins is dead!"

This was on Friday, August 2nd. The cryptic terms of the cabled message told us nothing further than the fact that the Commissioner was dead. For additional particulars we must await the home papers. In the meantime I give a few impressions left on my memory of this world-known and world-loved Salvationist.

My first memory of Commissioner Higgins carries me back to my soldier days nearly three and twenty years ago, when he visited the little Cornish town in which I lived, in the interest of Salvation Army finance—at that time he was a Major and head of the Financial and Auxiliary Department. His commanding figure, his impressive eloquence, spontaneous humor and powerful salvation addresses made a great impression on the town, and was the talk of the place for days afterward.

I was next brought into close contact with the Commissioner in Cape Town. He had come to South Africa as the General's representative to assist at the farewell meetings of Commissioner Estill, and to conduct the welcome meetings of Commissioner Rees. For a brief time in the interim he acted as Territorial Commissioner.

Commissioner Higgins was a man of magnificent physique, being considerably over six feet in height and admirably proportioned. His voice was adequate to his bulk. He was big, bluff and kind-hearted, in every way a good example of "the fine old English gentleman." The Commissioner came out of Reading, and lost an eye in one of the riots of the early days.

He was a great figure on a platform; and his ponderous, somewhat pompous, oracular kind of utterance was just what one would expect from his appearance. He could tell a good story and no one enjoyed it more than himself. His hearty, expansive laugh at his own stories would make an undertaker's mute merry. I seem to hear him as I write, and to see him as he stood on the platform in the Cape Town citadel and ask for the collection. He told the old story of the tramp who asked the lady for a button and who, when he had got the button, asked the lady to give him a shirt that he might sew it on to the button. I forget the application for the moment, but I shall never forget the convulsions of the audience or the huge mirth of the Commissioner.

He liked South Africans, and South Africans liked him, and it was with the greatest pleasure that he paid a return visit to that country after his term of office as Resident Secretary for the Indian work had expired. I remember his visiting me in London, and the glee with which he described his ride in an automobile from Salisbury to the settlement in the Mazoe valley, and the effect that the motor car had upon the unsophisticated natives who saw it for the first time.

The Commissioner also spoke of the profound emotion that possessed him as he stood at the granite grave of Mr. Cecil Rhodes in the lonely Matoppos. For he had a fine imagination, as was evidenced in his addresses, as well as great powers of expression.

Stamped upon my mind is also the impression that he was a good man—one who endeavored to shape his conduct according to the mind that was in Christ Jesus.

That he was a loyal and self-sacrificing Salvationist is also evidenced by the fact that in his grey, old years he cheerfully left home and wife and children and grandchildren, and for seven years had the oversight of the Army's operations in India, with its exacting climatic conditions.

The Commissioner, with that adaptability which was one of his strong characteristics, made an exceptionally picturesque figure in Oriental costume. He would have made an ideal rajah, or great mogul, and I should greatly like to have seen him with the admiring natives hanging garlands round his neck.

He was a great traveller. He visited America and British Columbia, the Argentine, and the West Indies, as well as India and South Africa.

A short time ago he was appointed to the command of Scotland, which appointment he entered upon with all the vigor of his ardent nature, but he has been called higher—into the presence of his Lord.

Edward Higgins, Commissioner of the Salvation Army, has left behind him a fragrant memory. He was a man. He was a man of God, and has been gathered unto his fathers like a ripe shock of wheat.

We earnestly ask the prayers of our comrades on behalf of dear Mrs. Higgins. The exigencies of the war deprived her, during the last ten years, almost entirely of the companionship of her husband, and now, when there seemed a prospect that they could spend a few years in each other's company, the Lord has called the husband Home. Pray that grace may be given to the bereaved one. Also to Colonel and Mrs. Higgins and the daughter.

The General will miss him, for he fought by the General's side for twenty-six years.

Housing Winnipeg II.

The Army Marching On.

According to a local paper, the Salvation Army is striding forward in Winnipeg, the latest move being the securing of a site for Winnipeg No. II. Our contemporary says:—"In Winnipeg they have made rapid strides, as will be seen from the muster that join in the marches on Sunday evening and also during the week. The credit of the bulk of this energy is due to the able body of officers under Brigadier Burditt, who is the Provincial officer. Turning to No. 2 corps. They have had no building of their own and have been holding their meetings in a shop at the corner of Dufferin and Main, but the time has come when they are making a move—as a matter of fact they have made one move, and that is they are holding their meetings in Fairbairn's Hall, at the corner of Main and Selkirk. They have now even gone a step further than this and have bought a plot of land at the corner of Pritchard and Main, and there in the near future will be erected a barracks of their own."

At St. John's, Newfoundland.

Officers' Councils, Public Meetings
and an Army Wedding—Lieut.-
Colonel Rees in Command.

Between fifty and sixty officers assembled in St. John's for Officers' Councils on July 24th and 25th. It is not too much to say that these Councils proved to be amongst the very best that have ever been attended by our devoted band. Lieutenant-Colonel Rees was in fine fettle, and he was ably assisted by Major and Mrs. Morris, and other officers. The Councils were refreshing seasons, and highly inspiring, and to state that the officers were cheered and helped is but saying little of the results of these special Officers' Councils.

The public meetings were also very successful. After a united procession a united welcome meeting was held in the St. John's II. Hall on the Wednesday night. The building was full, and a more enthusiastic meeting the writer has never attended. The presence of the Lord was there, and there was much freedom and joy.

The Wedding Ceremony.

A monster march preceded the Thursday night's service, when the St. John's II band, followed by a host of officers and soldiers, and the St. John's I band, also the junior drum and fife band of the St. John's I corps, created no small stir. Inside the crowd was all that could be desired, seeing there an admission of ten cents. They had assembled to witness the wedding of Captains Cavender and LeDrew. That the marriage ceremony was performed in a proper manner goes without saying, and the fine speeches which followed from the bride, bridegroom, and other officers, interspersed by hearty singing, in addition to music supplied by the Nos. I and II bands and the junior drum and fife band, went to make up one of these meetings that will live long in the memory of those who were present.

The Officers' Councils, the inspiring marches, and the united meetings in our halls, were such as to greatly encourage and bless those who follow the tri-colored flag in Newfoundland. We are full of hope for Newfoundland, and are quite sure, as far as our devoted officers are concerned (who were able to meet together for Councils) that they return to their posts full of determination to leave no stone unturned to bring precious souls to the Master's feet.

The Judge's Leniency.

A Compliment to Army Methods.

Early one morning recently the telephone bell at the New York Headquarters rang, and a voice asked to speak to an Officer on urgent business. The speaker introduced himself as the clerk of Judge Crowis' court.

"We have a young man charged with a very serious offence," he said, "and unless your people are prepared to take him the judge will be compelled to hold him for the grand jury, and if convicted he will be sent to the penitentiary for from one to fourteen years."

An officer was accordingly despatched to the police court, on reaching which, he was requested to come to the judge's bench. The judge proceeded to address him, and in the presence of the assembled crowd said:

"Captain of The Salvation Army, we have a young man charged with stealing a purse containing three hundred dollars, but I believe that The Salvation Army can reform him. Will you take charge of this young man, find him some suitable employment, and see that he keeps out of bad company?"

The Captain assured the judge that his request would be followed out to the letter. The lad's bond was arranged for, and he was paroled to the Captain, and escorted out of the court room. From present indications another young man has been turned from the slavery and bondage of sin to the true liberty of salvation.

Believe none and you will have no joy. Believe little and you will have little joy. Believe much and you will have much joy. Believe all, and you will have all joy, and your joy will be full. It will be like a bowl lipping over—good measure, pressed down, and running over.—McCheyne.

THE WAR CRY.

PRINTED for Thomas B. Coombs, Commissioner of the Salvation Army in Canada, Newfoundland, Bermuda, and Alaska, by the Salvation Army Printing House, 15 Albert St. Toronto.

All manuscript to be written in ink or by typewriter, and on ONE side of the paper only. Write name and address plainly. All communications relating to the contents of THE WAR CRY, contributions for publication in its pages, inquiries about it, or matters relating to subscriptions, dispatch and change of address, should be addressed to THE EDITOR, S. A. Temple, Toronto. All Cheques, Post Office and Express Orders should be made payable to Thomas B. Coombs.

GAZETTE.

Promotions.—

Lieutenant Lucy Horwood to be Captain.
Lieutenant Caleb Tuck to be Captain.
Lieutenant Job Wells to be Captain.
Lieutenant Nimshi Cole to be Captain.

Marriage.—

Captain Isaac Cavender, who came out from Sydney, C. B. on November 8th, 1901, and last stationed at Truro, to Captain Ethel J. LeDrew, who came out from St. John's, Nfld., on March 25th, 1901, last stationed at Bay Roberts, on Thursday, July 25th, 1907, at St. John's, Nfld., by Lieut.-Colonel Rees.

THOS. B. COOMBS,
Commissioner.

Comments on Current Matters.

Stop a Minute.

Our columns this week contain the account of the death of two Salvationists, one a private soldier in the Salvation Army; the other Commissioner Higgins, who bore one of the highest titles that the Salvation Army has to bestow. But both were alike in one respect—the suddenness of their death. The touching and tragic circumstances under which old Father Ibbit, of St. Neots, entered into rest is recorded elsewhere. The circumstances under which Commissioner Higgins was promoted we have yet to learn—the meagre cable message but stating the fact that he had died suddenly. We call attention to these facts in the hope that amidst the rush and turmoil of life we may pause and consider our latter end. These be stirring times. Everywhere in this colony men and women are living the strenuous life. During the summer months—the short-lived summer—when bricklayers build and farmers toil, would not we all do wisely to pause for a moment and consider eternity?

What are we doing for it? Are we, the followers of Christ, sufficiently energetic in pulling souls from the burning? And you, unconverted worldling, are you not unduly anxious about the affairs of this life? Stop a minute and reflect; to-morrow you may be where the things of the world will avail you nothing. Get ready to die.

Money's Purchasing Power.

Everything gets dearer, or in other words, the purchasing power of money gets less. This fact is illustrated in some curious ways. A few days ago a newspaper in England paid \$250,000 damages in a libel case. It was the largest amount ever paid for such a thing. Quite recently, in America, the Standard Oil Company was fined twenty-nine and a quarter million dollars. This is the biggest fine on record, and so right through the whole gamut of human needs, in proportion to the gold that men dig out of the earth, so prices soar until riches, for

the masses, are as far removed as ever they were. We should like to remind our readers, however, that the grace of God is still being handed out at the old rates—without money and without price—the only conditions being a humble and a contrite heart, a ready acceptance of God's will, and a total renunciation of sin. Have you accepted it?

International Concord.

The agreements between Russia and Japan, Russia and England, and Japan and England, go a long way towards securing the peace of the nations, and we sincerely trust that the meeting of the Emperors, told of elsewhere in our columns, will go towards linking up Germany in the peace confederation. We like these meetings of rulers. We think that they tend to a better understanding between the nations and consequently remove farther the probabilities of war, which is a consideration devoutly to be wished. It may not be generally understood what a great factor in bringing about universal peace and brotherhood the Salvation Army is, but that it is so is well known by all who have taken the trouble to look into the world-wide ramifications of the Salvation Army.

Headquarters Notes

By I. C.

An intimation has come to hand that the Chief Secretary is sailing from England on the "Southwark" on August 22nd. This will land him in Toronto early in September. Special meetings are being arranged in connection with the Chief Secretary's welcome, of which due notice will be given.

News has also arrived that Major Cameron will be sailing on the same boat. This will bring the Major in Toronto in good time for the opening of the next session of the Training College, which, by the by, is September 12th.

Readers of I. C.'s notes will be glad

to learn that Mrs. Staff Captain Attwell has made considerable improvement since last week, and there is every prospect of her recovery. How wonderfully God has answered prayer! Give Him thanks. The Staff Captain also desires through the War Cry to thank the many comrades and friends who have sent expressions of sympathy during this trial.

The mother of Staff Captain Hay has been promoted to Glory. She has reached beyond the allotted three score and ten, as a matter of fact was over eighty. The sympathy of all Salvation Army comrades will go out to the Staff Captain in this bereavement. Pray that God may uphold him and the members of his family, together with his dear father.

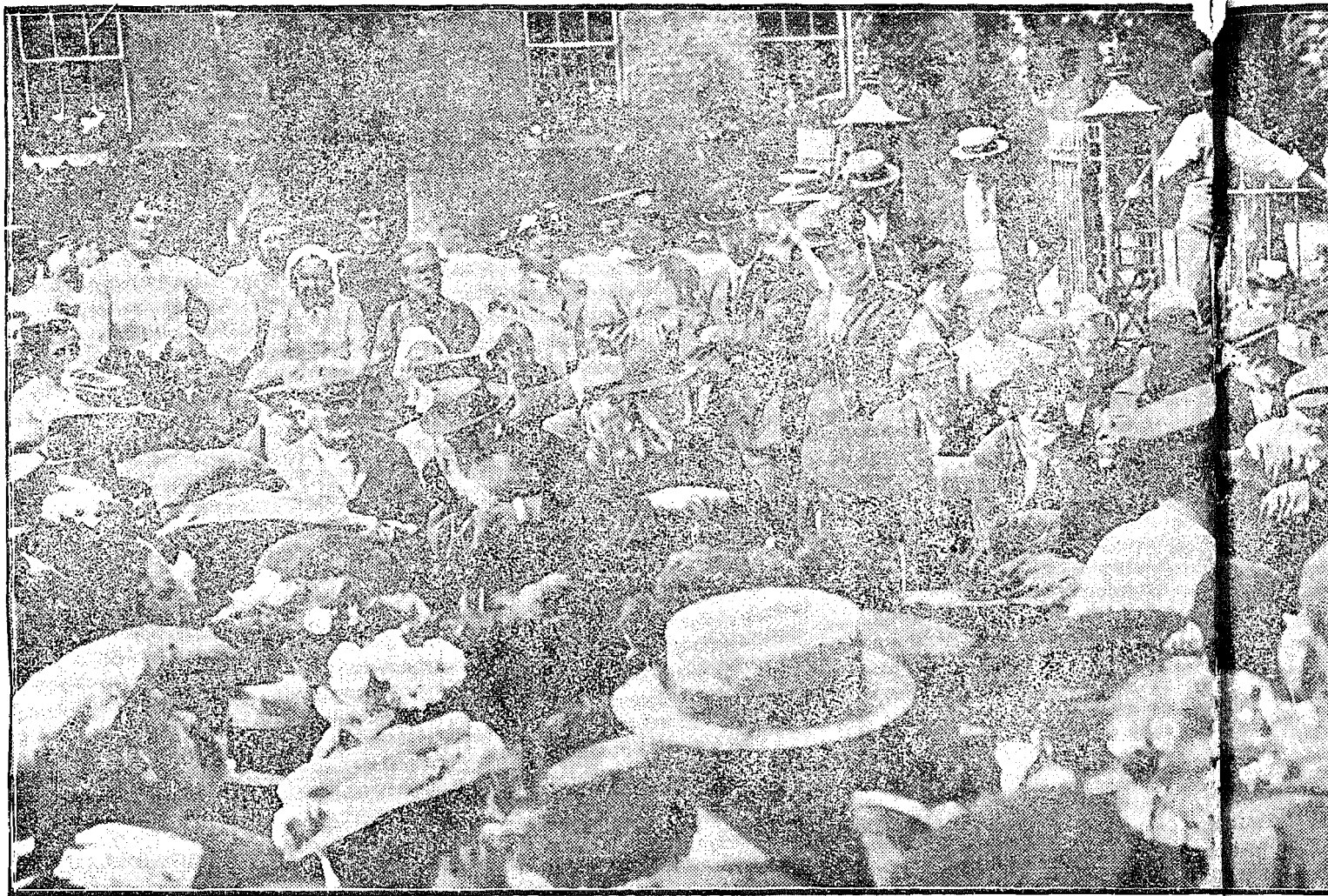
Major Collins, from the Hadleigh School, and Adjutant and Mrs. Pinchen, from Emigration Headquarters, are among the visitors to Canada in connection with immigration. They have each brought over a splendid party.

The coming of old officers from the United Kingdom to Canada, and their intercourse with the officers here, is very beneficial. It does us good to hear them in the different meetings. The Salvation Army is one the world over.

Adjutant Bloss has farewelled from Brantford, and is going to the Montreal Provincial Office to assist Brigadier Hargrave there. May God go with him and his dear wife, and give them good success. Adjutant Giam and wife go to Brantford.

Calgary is having some real soul-saving times, and quite a number of new soldiers are being sworn in. Mrs. S. C. Coombs is, we regret to say, in very poor health. Pray for her.

Most of the furloughers have returned to their desks as brown as berries and as fit as fiddles. The canoeists have biceps as hard as pine knots. They all appear to have had a good time and are in for a year's hard Salvation work.

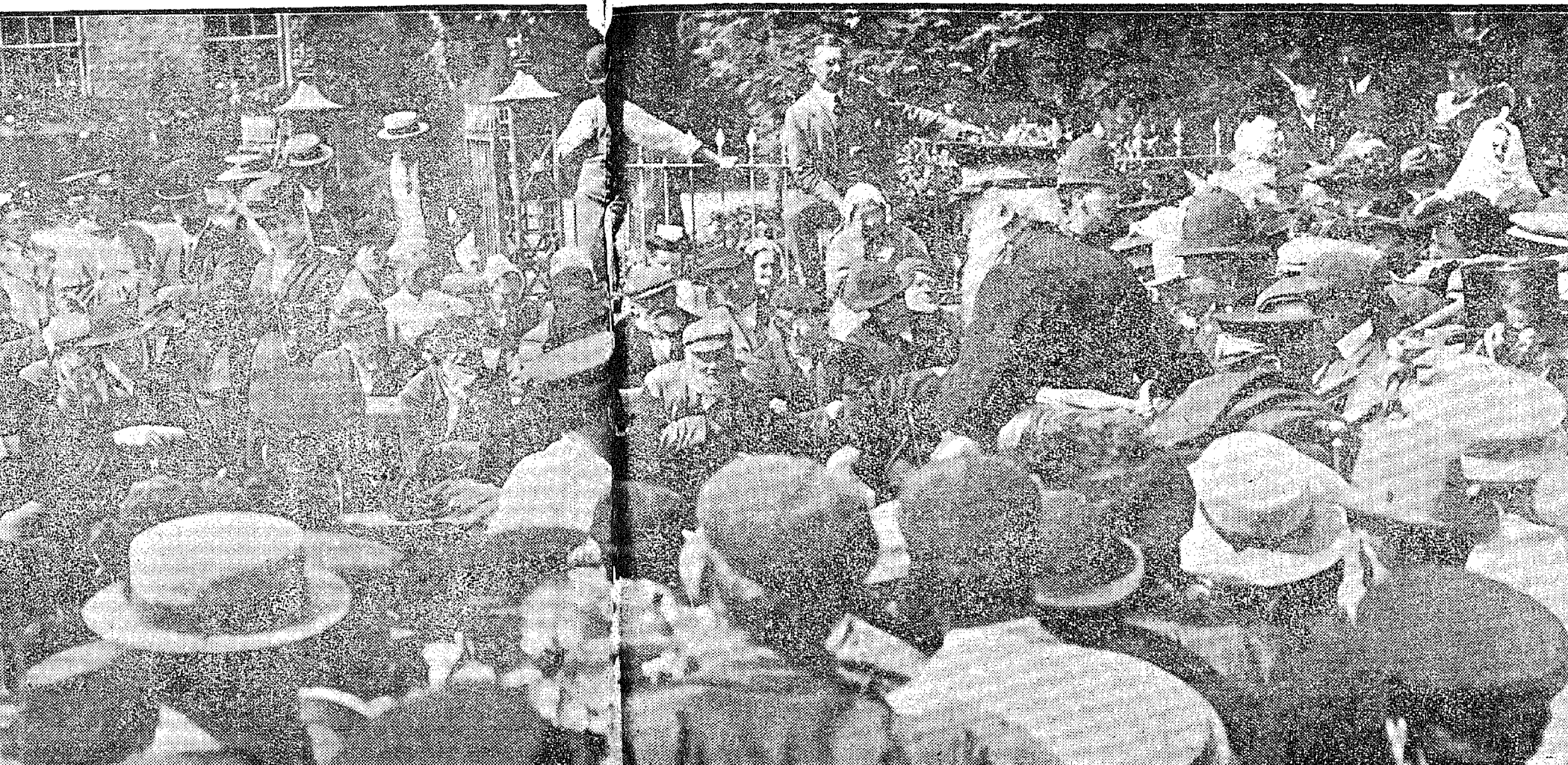


The General on His Fourth Motor Car Campaign Addressing



A Characteristic Pose.

MISSION
News of Whose Deeds Received



The General on His Fourth Motor Car Campaign—Addressing the Workhouse Inmates at St. Neots.

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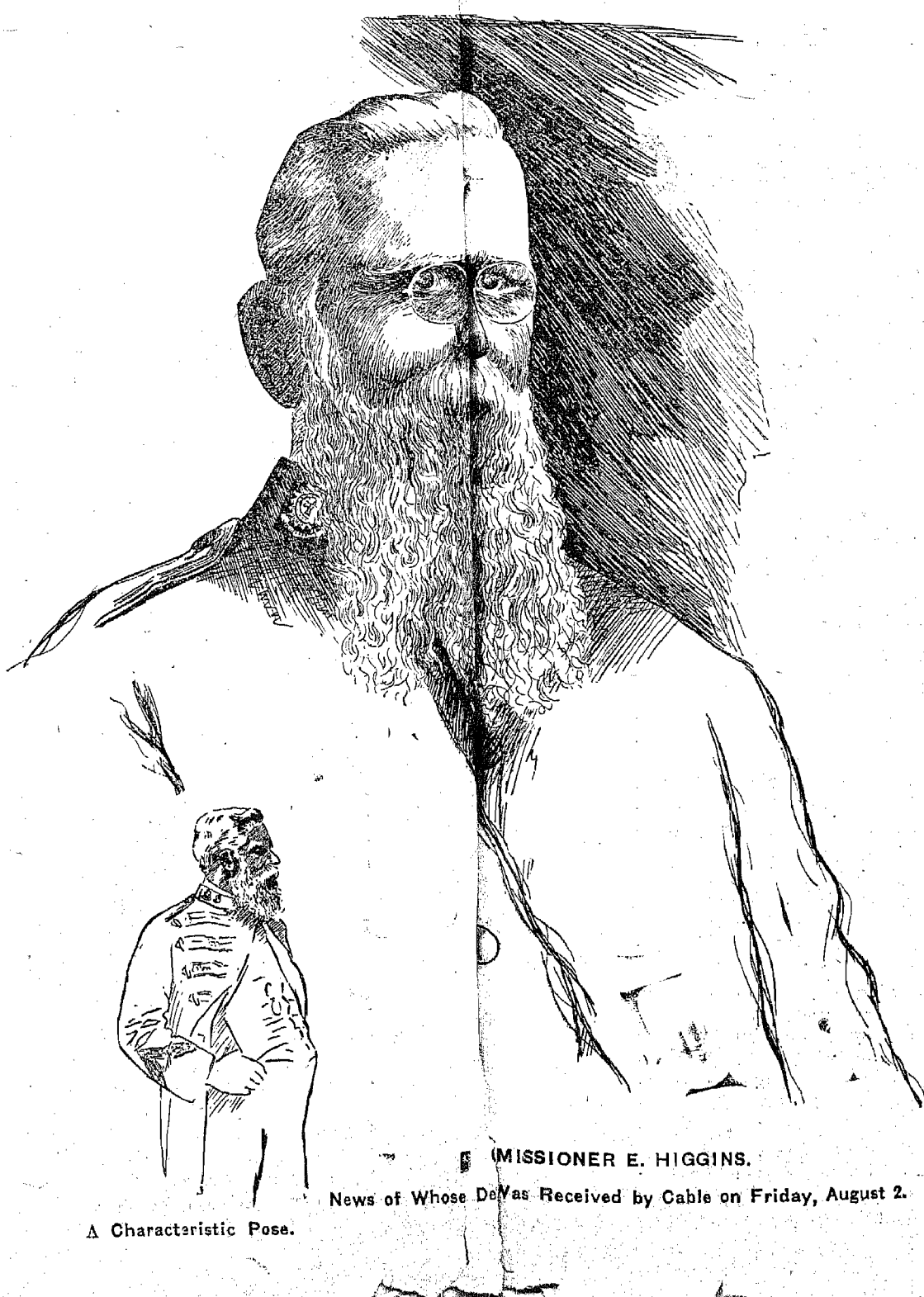
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The General's Fourth Car Campaign

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Salvationist—A Talk with Workhouse
and a Civic Reception.

By Commissioner Nicol.



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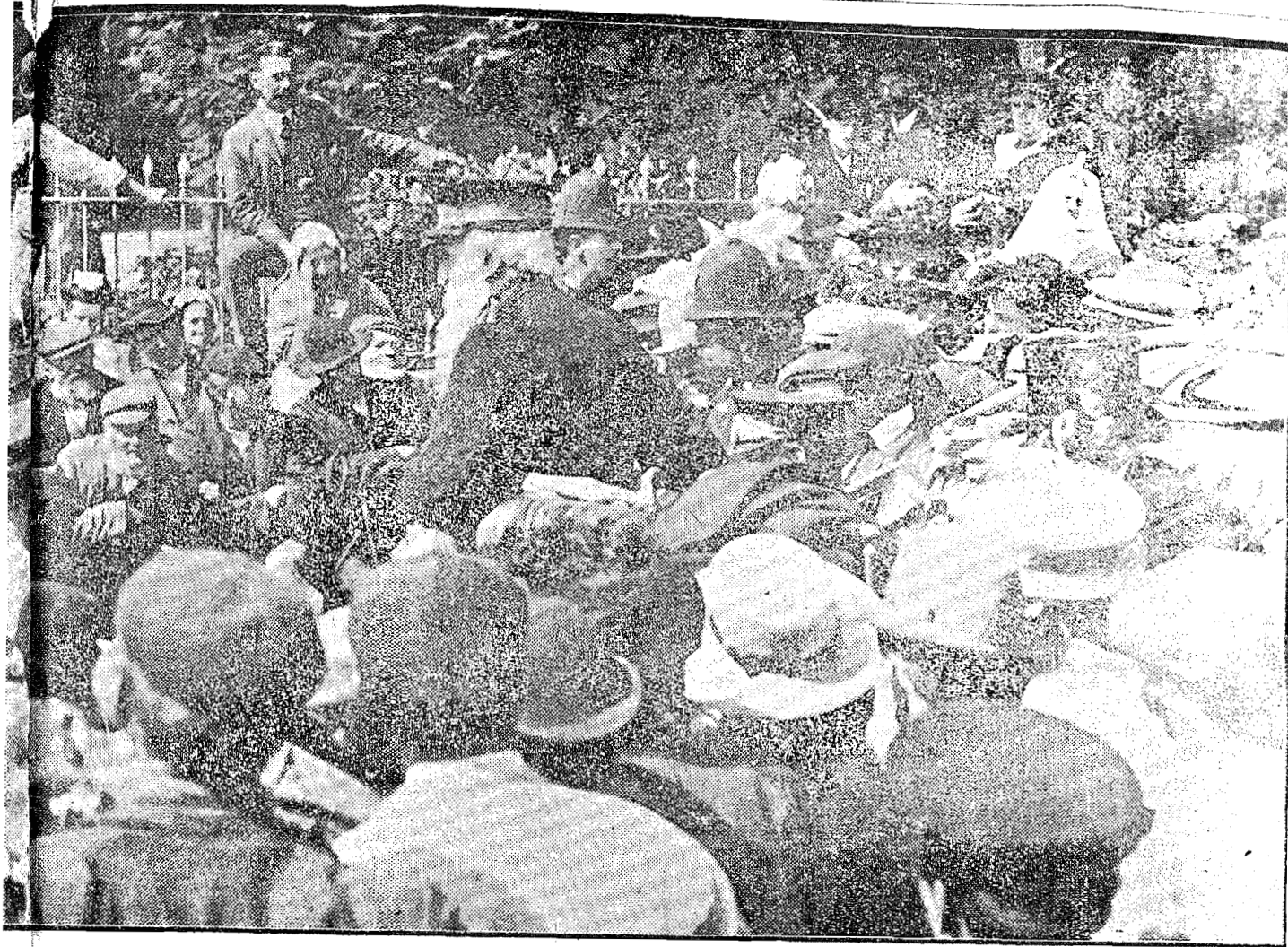
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Addressing the Workhouse Inmates at St. Neots.



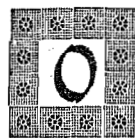
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A Touching Incident Describing the Last Muster of an Old Salvationist—A Talk with Workhouse Inmates and a Civic Reception.

By Commissioner Nicol.



OLD Dad Ibbit, carrying lightly his 82 summers and winters, has for weeks counted the days and hours when General Booth would arrive in St. Neots. A familiar figure in the district, he was spending the closing days of his long life in cheering fellow-Salvationists in the surrounding corps, a devotee of the "blood and fire." General Booth was his pope, and his visit to St. Neots an event worthy of being classed with that of King Edward. As he hobbled towards the chapel where the General was to preach on "The Lesson of My Life," the old man remarked, "When I see the old General I shall pray, 'Now let Thy servant depart in peace.'"

The General's Question.

The cars like chariots sounded in his car, and the hubbub of the people crowding vestibules and aisles was music to his soul. So he closed his eyes, leant forward in the pew and swooned. Being quickly assisted, he was carried outside, but gentle as was the morning breeze that was wafted through the leafy entrance to the sanctuary, it had no power to revive and recall him to the feast for which he had longed. "Old Ibbit" entered upon the visions of another world, and as he passed thither his veteran leader alighted from the white car and, all unconscious of his dying comrade, prepared for his first task on the second day of this motor pilgrimage.

From the pulpit General Booth calmly reviewed the leading events of his own

life, and, referring to the closed volume of his comrade's, said: "At noon the Master Himself called him. What if He calls me before midnight?"

The second day has been more in keeping with the General as a Pilgrim Evangelist than as a militant force. A storm of cheers and bouquets of flowers accompanied him out of St. Neots at two o'clock, but he was manifestly more at home at the gate of the workhouse outside the town than in silently responding to these popular Godspeeds.

A Motoring Evangel.

Leaning on the chauffeur's seat, holding a sunshade, the old Whitechapel orator cheered the hearts of a little army of breakdown toilers whom we brand as paupers as they sat at their dining hall benches, brought to the gates to save the time of the motoring evangel. And a parable talk it was that they heard. In effect, "be contented, look at the bright side of your circumstances. You have food, which is more than many possess; you have shelter, and care, and friends; above all, you have time and opportunity for reflection; so get ready for the next world, where, unless I am very much mistaken, you will not be asked whether you lived in a workhouse or a mansion."

And the old men in corduroys and the old women in prints and white hoods rose and cheered and cheered the tireless motorist.

But General Booth does not base the prospect of men's happiness on the promise of a better world than this. I sat with him all the way to Biggleswade, and revelled in his scathing sarcasms

at the High Church of the Salvation Army. "The Salvation Army is a great power in the world," he said, "but it is a power that is based on the promise of a better world than this. I am not a man of faith, and I do not believe in a better world than this. I believe in the world as it is, and I believe that the only way to happiness is to live in the world as it is, and to be content with it. I am not a man of faith, and I do not believe in a better world than this. I believe in the world as it is, and I believe that the only way to happiness is to live in the world as it is, and to be content with it."

A Civic Reception.

General Booth was the guest of the Mayor of St. Neots, and the Mayor of St. Neots was the guest of General Booth. The Mayor of St. Neots was a man of great power, and General Booth was a man of great power. The Mayor of St. Neots was a man of great power, and General Booth was a man of great power. The Mayor of St. Neots was a man of great power, and General Booth was a man of great power. The Mayor of St. Neots was a man of great power, and General Booth was a man of great power.

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If I Fail, I'll Die!

A Salvationist's Experience with a Drunkard.

A disgusted police constable was wrestling with a refractory drunkard on the midnight street. He wasn't exactly looking for any work outside his own, and this looked like a big job. He surveyed the deserted street helplessly, then with interest, for a Salvation Army man was in sight.

"Hi, there!" he called, hopefully, "shall I take this man to the station, or will you have him?"

He was very drunk and very degraded looking, but the officer said, briefly, "I'll have him," and took him along, housed him for the night, and, to his astonishment, discovered the next day that he was a well-educated man, and had once been in a good position. Well, it was wearing, hopeless sort of work for a time. Again and again the drink demon got possession of him, after weeks and months of creditable living, and just so often the officer went after him and brought him back.

It Is No Use.

"Please don't come after me again," the man pleaded at last; "it's not the slightest use. You have been very kind, and I can't impose upon you further."

But the officer shook his head. The man who can work nine years over a case wasn't likely to give up in so many months.

"It's not seventy times seven yet," he said. "The Lord Jesus said, seventy times seven, you remember. Let us begin all over again."

"If I fail again I'll kill myself then!" was the answer to this. But he did not fail. By the grace of God he conquered, and for some years past has been employed as a manager in one of the largest stores in New York, a position that is both lucrative and responsible.

The Week-End's Despatches.

The Salvation Chariot Rolls on Throughout the Dominion, in Spite of the Hot Weather.

READ THESE REPORTS.

TWO DAYS' COUNCILS.

Newfoundland's P.O. Meets the Officers of Bonavista and District.

Bonavista was stirred by a visit from Lt.-Col. Rees, Major Morris, and a number of staff and field officers, who assembled here for a two days' council.

The reception was held in the Methodist Church, kindly loaned for the occasion, and a large crowd gathered to the meeting. J. Roper, Esq., the magistrate, introduced the Colonel, and an address of welcome was read by Ensign Oxford. Major Morris then sang a solo, and Lt.-Col. Rees gave an instructive address on the progress of the Army. The choir rendered good service.

The second meeting took place in the S. A. Hall, and it was good to listen to the officers giving their testimonies as to blessings received and victories won. The crowd listened with breathless attention to the Colonel as he sang in Welsh. His address was excellent, and we will not soon forget the councils at Bonavista.—A Helper.

THE PLEASING RECOGNITION.

Four Young Men and Seven Children Seek and Find the Saviour.

We are glad to report good meetings at Sault Ste. Marie, Mich. We had a splendid crowd at Capt. Tiller's stereopticon view service on Wednesday evening, and the proceeds amounted to \$22. The service was repeated at Algonquin, and the town band favored us by coming and playing on the church steps, where the meeting was held. Recently in the junior meetings seven children knelt and claimed Jesus as their Saviour, and on Saturday night four young men gave themselves to God.—Margaret Murray.

LIVELY TIMES AT STRATFORD.

A Hallelujah Dance.

RE-OPENING OF BARRACKS.

Major and Mrs. Green Stir the People and Thirty-Two Line the Mercy Seat.

Major and Mrs. Green paid a special visit to Simcoe for the purpose of re-opening the hall and quarters after extensive renovations. The soldiers and friends sang an enthusiastic song of welcome, and powerful meetings were held all day. The theme of the holiness meeting was "How to Create a Revival."

Twenty-six surrendered to God and claimed the sanctifying power. In the afternoon old songs were revived, and many soldiers spoke of their first impressions of the Army. Mrs. Green spoke with power and the congregation was melted to tears. At night a fine, intelligent crowd assembled to listen to the Major's forceful address on instantaneous conversion. When volunteers were asked for a young man was the first to respond. He was followed by one woman and four men. The Major's new songs were a treat and were much enjoyed. Ensign and Mrs. Clark have worked hard to renovate the barracks and deserve a word of commendation. The band and locals did excellent service. The officers spent Monday visiting converts, and at night a great banquet was held.—Excelsior.

HIGH TIMES AT ST. CATHERINES.

Welcome Meetings of Maj. and Mrs. Green and a Hallelujah Wedding.

Our new divisional officers were given a most hearty reception by the soldiers and people of St. Catharines. The Major's singing was greatly appreciated and we had a rousing time all day. On Sunday we had ten at knee drill, a fine increase. The Holiness Meeting saw six souls at the mercy seat. In the afternoon meeting in the park, with thirty-three officers and soldiers in the ring, and the proceeds \$10. At night the Major and Mrs. Green sang and spoke very powerfully, and at the close meeting three souls came for salvation. Two bandmen were welcomed here from Brant. On Monday night another hallelujah wedding took place in the citadel. 1 Cor.

ING TIMES AT NANAIMO.

ave just said good-bye to Capt. rs. Johnson and Lieut. Wright, several weeks of hard fighting in 10. The Captain is one of the live" sort and makes things giving us good rousing times ie has been here. He has not orked hard himself, but he has ecessful in getting many others y round him. We had Lig all along, and the finances took jump upwards. At the social, we held, something like 250 people present, and we spent a very it time together. May the Cap-on return and reap the harvest he seed he has sown for God and ngdom.—J. S. S. M. McMillan.

FAREWELL TO BERMUDA OFFICERS.

A Good Year's Work—55 New Soldiers.

Ensign and Mrs. Trickey said good-bye to their Bermudian comrades on July 17th, and a good crowd assembled to hear our leaders for the last time. A number spoke of the blessing that the Ensign and his wife had been to them, and they in return expressed their gratitude for all the kindness that had been shown them during their short stay. During the thirteen months they have labored here over three hundred and thirty souls have knelt at the penitent form, and fifty-five new soldiers have been added to the roll. Numbers of recruits are yet waiting to be enrolled.

Ensign Trickey deserves commendation for the special interest he has taken in collecting for our new building. We pray that God's richest blessing shall rest on their future labors. Capt. Long, from Southampton, has taken charge for the time being, and with Lieut. Rowe is pushing the chariot along.—F. U.

VISIT TO TORONTO JUNCTION.

Ensign Sheard and Capt. Walker Have a Good Time.

On Thursday night a special Salvation meeting was held, with Ens. Sheard and Capt. Walker on the bridge. On Saturday night we had the joy of seeing one soul at the cross. God was with us in power all day Sunday; in the Holiness meeting many hands were uplifted before God as a pledge to "keep unspotted from the world." We are anticipating results and are going forward in the fight.—One Who Was There.

NEW OFFICERS TAKE THE REINS AT GODERICH.

We have welcomed Captains Slickells and Thomas as our new officers at Goderich, and pray that God will abundantly bless their labors amongst us. It was with sincere regret we parted with our late officers; we could not let them go without some slight recognition of their faithful leadership, so the comrades and a few kind friends organized a surprise party on the evening before their departure, at which we spent a very enjoyable and profitable time, and we believe they took their departure feeling cheered by the prayers and good wishes of all who were present. May God bless them in their new sphere of labor.—J. W. Honslander.

VICTORY THROUGH THE BLOOD IS THE SHOUT FROM DRESDEN.

God is wonderfully blessing us here at Dresden. A prayer meeting was held recently at the home of one of our comrades. Over twenty were present, and at the close we had the joy of seeing a young girl and a boy kneel at the feet of Jesus and find the Saviour. They have since testified to the change God has made in their lives. On Sunday night this young boy was the first to go and speak to his brother, who is a backslider, about his soul. He did not yield, but we had the joy of seeing one backslider come home to Jesus before the meeting closed. We're going to win and make a big break in the devil's ranks.—Capt. M. Lang.

WELCOME TO MAJOR AND MRS. GREEN.

New D. O.'s for Hamilton Division.

We have had some grand times just lately at Hamilton II. Staff Capt. and Mrs. McLean have farewelled; we had a rousing time in this meeting, the No. 1 Brass Band being in attendance. Then we have had welcome meetings for Major and Mrs. Green. This was a great united meeting of the city corps; big crowds present and splendid meetings. The Major's music and singing was heartily enjoyed. Mrs. Green also spoke and won the hearts of the people. We pray that God will abundantly bless the new D. O.'s and that we shall have joy over many seeking the Saviour.—W. K.

COMRADES FROM THE OLD LAND.

Band Is Improving.

We have had the joy of seeing another backslider return to the fold since last report was made at Wingham. Our band is improving under the able tuition of Bandmaster Jarvis (musically), and spiritually (Band Sergeant Simmons). We have welcomed Brother and Sister Walton from the old country. Both have served 17 years as Salvationists. Keep your eye on Wingham for big things.—F. Calvert, for Ens. Banks.

FROM THE OLD LAND.

Reinforcements and a Picnic.

We are still hustling at Belleville. The band is rejoicing over the arrival of two bandmen from Manor Park, London, Eng., Bro. A. Sword and Bro. J. Cordes, respectively. On Wednesday last our annual picnic was held at Picton, accompanied by the band. Trenton and Deseronto corps also joined us, and altogether we had a magnificent time, remembering all was for the glory of God and the salvation of souls.—Wild Rose for Ens. and Mrs. Burton.

ROUSING THE NEIGHBORHOOD.

God is still giving us victory at Peterboro'. Notwithstanding the oppressive weather, we are glad to say sinners are coming to God, backsliders returning, and blessings are falling on us all. Although hot, the weather gives splendid opportunities for open air warfare, and we are invading different points of the city every Sunday where, maybe, the Gospel of Christ is not so often heard. One soul sought the Saviour Sunday night. We had a grand open air, the whole corps turning out together with a full band. Numbers of rigs pulled up to take in the meeting and hear the Songster Brigade, who made their first appearance in public. They have been trained by Bro. Dawson, of Durham, Eng., and are now led by him. Recruits going ahead, finances good, all for the glory of God.—H. Blake, for Adj. Wiggins.

GETTING READY FOR TRAINING.

Captain Turner has farewelled from Sussex. We are sorry to lose him, and pray that God's blessing shall be on him. While he was here a good number of souls were saved from the Power of Darkness, and one young man is getting ready for training.—John A. Garby.

PEACOCK SUNDAY AT REGINA.

Good Meetings and Good Results.

Yes, they were all there, and there was no mistaking it either. We had with us Father and Mother Peacock, Ensign Walter, Captain Florence (both of whom were on a short furlough from Toronto), Capt. and Mrs. Will, and the youngest C.C., Maggie Peacock, a whole Salvation Army family, who all took part in our meetings at Regina on Sunday afternoon and evening last. Is it any wonder that the meetings went with a swing and enthusiasm that was contagious, or that the open airs attracted big crowds? We were all glad to see the Ensign and his sister, and when the day closed with eight at the penitent form there was great rejoicing, the comrades standing up and singing, "I'll Be True Lord to Thee." There was another convert who went home without coming to the penitent form, and testified at the meeting on Tuesday evening that he had been converted on Sunday evening, having yielded in his room when he had left the hall. We were pleased to see our late C.O., Ensign Pierce, who passed through the city on her way East. Capt. Leadman, who has been assisting Capt. Willey, has gone home on furlough, and we trust she will return fully restored to health.—E. B.

GOOD TIMES AT CLINTON.

The week-end meetings at Clinton were well attended. The Band and the soldiers are still working hard, and mean to still stick to forefront of the strife against sin. Staff Capt. and Mrs. Moore were in full charge, and delivered the message in a very pointed manner. We are going in for greater victories than before, and we invite the Staff Capt. and Mrs. Moore to revisit us at an early opportunity.—Hot Shot.

THREE SOULS FOR PARDON.

We are pushing the fight here at Carleton Place, and God is giving us the victory. Sunday we rejoiced over three precious souls in the Fountain. On Wednesday we held a lawn social, which was a decided success. About two hundred people were present and were much pleased with the different items which were called for during the evening. A popular service of song was also rendered, entitled The Wreck of the Larchmont. The junior work is progressing, the attendance steadily increasing. Capt. Penfold and Lieut. Jones are in command.—Sunshine.

A THRILLING LIFE STORY.

We had a visit from Bro. Humphrey and Sister Dobney at Clinton for the week-end. Good crowds came to hear them. At the evening meeting Bro. Humphrey gave a part of his life experience during the South African war. The audience was much moved by the thrilling incidents related. The band, and soldiers are working hard for God and souls.—Hot Shot.

THE WEEK'S EVENTS AT WOODSTOCK, N.B.

Envoy Gerow paid us a visit on Thursday, 18th July, and remained with us at Woodstock, N.B., all day Sunday. We had large crowds at all the meetings, and the Envoy gave some very powerful addresses. We shall look forward to his return. Capt. Porter, our officer, is sick at present, but we are praying and hoping for her speedy recovery.—I. Bologne.

INTERESTING NEWS FROM SMITH'S FALLS.

We are marching forward to victory at Smith's Falls. Capt. and Mrs. Turner served a dinner in the hall recently at which they turned over \$180. The Captain wisely cleared off part of the debt on the Corps, and also met some other expenses in connection with the Quarters. He also has a building scheme in project. We have recently started a two-month tent campaign, and we are meeting with success in this effort. Two souls found the Saviour on Sunday night, one being a backslider and the other a young man who returned and got saved after the meeting was over. A Songster Brigade is also in action.

THE DEVIL GETS SOME HOT SHOT FROM THE COMRADES AT MOOSE JAW.

We are right in the firing line at Moose Jaw, and have given the enemy a warm time of it this week-end, getting blessed in our own souls as a consequence. On Sunday night we had two open air stands before the meeting, thus giving all the soldiers a chance to do something for the Master. Inside Mrs. Habbkirk gave a very impressive address, and we are expecting a mighty outpour of God's spirit and the conversion of many souls.—F. J. G.

VICTORY STILL THE CRY AT SASKATOON.

While on his way to Wetaskiwin Capt. Sankin stopped here at Saskatoon for a week-end, which proved a time of great blessing and encouragement to all. During his stay several backsliders came back to the Cross and sought God's pardon. We have welcomed to our midst Capt. McSellan, who will take charge in the absence of Ensign Pierce, who has gone on a well-earned rest.—J. T.

CONSECRATIONS MADE AND SINNERS SAVED.

The week-end meetings at Galt were full of Pentecostal power. Two came forward for consecration on Friday night, and on Sunday morning thirty made a fresh offering of themselves to God. At night three sinners came to the cross and sought pardon.—S., for Capt. Andrew and Pease.

ONE SOUL AT THE DRUM HEAD.

Our week-end meetings at Orangeville have been meetings of inspiration. God is working mightily amongst us, and in the open airs, we are doing a good work. Recently one soul knelt at the drum head. We know that God will be as good as His promises.—Lieut. Phillips, for Capt. Gibbons.

WAY GROWING BRIGHTER.

We had a spiritual feast of good things at Wabano on Sunday. Our meetings were splendid at night, two souls were saved. Lt.-Col. Rees and Major Morris are coming to visit us next week. Things are on the upgrade here and the future looks bright.—W., for Capt. French.

A BACKSLIDER RETURNS TO THE FOLD.

We are in for good times at Cobourg. All day Sunday the meetings were led by our new officers, and good crowds flocked to hear them, inside and out. One backslider returned to the Saviour at the night meeting, and conviction fell on many more.—Corps Cor.

NEWS FROM BATTLE'S FRONT AT PORT ESSINGTON.

We are still on the war path and shouts of victory are heard in the camp at Port Essington. Four more souls surrendered on Sunday night. The locals are reporting good times at the Canneries, a distance away from here. They are also having meetings for the juniors at Dominion Cannery. Many fatalities have taken place by drowning and other ways this summer. The warning here, and we pray that many may take heed and prepare to meet God when the call comes.—S. B. Blackburn, Adjt.

NEW TREASURER APPOINTED.

The soldiers at Parliament Street are turning out well to the open airs, and we are having some rousing meetings. Sergt.-Major Dean and Sister Brown, from Wychwood, were with us on Sunday. One brother was enrolled at night, and "Dad" Scott was commissioned as Treasurer. Two souls knelt at the mercy seat. On Civic holiday we all enjoyed an outing to High Park, uniting with the Riverdale corps at night for a stirring Salvation meeting.—J. H. S.

FIVE SOULS RECEIVE SIGHT.

Lieut. A. Keepen visited Woody Island, Paradise Sound, on Sunday, July 7th. The people of the island appreciate the meetings, and also the opportunity of working for God. One dear man left his boat, fish and all, in order to be at the meeting. Glorious times were realized and five precious souls sought and found Jesus. To God be all the glory.—One of the Number.

FIVE SOULS SAVED.

Sunday was a day of victory at St. John's I. The meetings were well attended, and in the afternoon one soul came out and got blessedly saved. The power of God was much felt at night, and four more gave their hearts to Christ.

A BACKSLIDER RETURNS.

Three Souls Find the Saviour.

We were overjoyed at Brockville to see during the past week four souls kneeling at the Cross. One of these was a backslider. We feel that this is but the foretaste of the showers of blessing that we believe are to come, and we are marching forward to victory.—Lieut. Coules, for Capt. Magwood.

"No Sky-larking. Now."

A Naval League Incident.

Upper-deck talk and pointed questions by Leaguer Rich to one of his shipmates, led to several little talks about his soul; Rich invited the man to the meetings, he accepted, got thoroughly converted ere the meeting closed. The first thing he did aboard next morning was to give his testimony on the mess-deck. His mates shouted, "Well done, lad, hope you will stick to it." When giving his testimony he said he had been home on leave sober the first time for four years. Last Sunday the lad had to go ashore for the Chief Gunner of his ship. He was wearing the League Badge, and the Gunner asked him what it meant, the explanation being: "I have got saved, sir, and this is The Salvation Army League Badge." As he was smiling at the same time the Gunner thought he was joking, and sharply exclaimed, "No skylarking." The Leaguer answered, "It is the truth, sir." "Well," said the Chief Gunner, "it is certainly better than being drunk, I thought you were looking happier than you used to look."

"Glory Bill."

Leapt Over Four Rows of Chairs To Get Saved.

"Do you call that religion? I call it making a mockery of God; look at that crazy fool there——" and Bill commenced to pour out a stream of uncomplimentary epithets concerning the carryings on at a Salvation Army meeting he had happened to attend. What especially roused his contempt was the sight of a large man dancing up and down the platform and clapping his hands, while he shouted out glory and hallelujah, alternately. To make matters worse, the Captain had actually had the audacity to come to him and try to cram religion down his throat as he thought.

"Don't want none of that sort of religion," said Bill, and then he started to whoop things up, and make fun of the whole proceedings.

"Now, brother," said the Captain, "don't go too far, or I may have to call a policeman and have you put out."

Bill laughed scornfully, and swung out, determined never to go to the Army again. He did, however, and one night it occurred to him that perhaps these people were right after all, and, if that was so, he must be wrong. He felt decidedly uncomfortable, and as the meeting progressed he got worse. Finally it was revealed to him that he was a poor, foolish sinner, in desperate need of salvation. Four rows of chairs were between him and the penitent form, and it seemed the hardest thing in the world to get up and walk out before his godless companions. He felt that if he was to get saved, however, it was now or never, and, so, nerving himself for a great effort, he suddenly stood up, and, with a tremendous bound, he leaped the four rows of chairs, and landed in a heap at the Mercy Seat.

That settled Bill, and from that time he threw himself heart and soul into the work of God, and for the past twelve years has worn the red guernsey of the Salvation Army. A short time after his conversion, the Captain who had threatened to get a policeman to him, met him in the barracks and was agreeably surprised to see him in uniform.

"You won't send for a policeman to get me put out now, will you Captain?" said Bill, as the two men heartily shook hands.

"I'd rather ask a policeman to keep you inside now," replied the Captain. "Glory, Hallelujah!" shouted Bill.

"Why, you've become as crazy as the folks you used to run down," said the Captain, and then they both had a laugh together.

Horrors of Dissection.

A railway station porter at Bihar, in Hungary, had one day a narrow escape of being dissected alive.

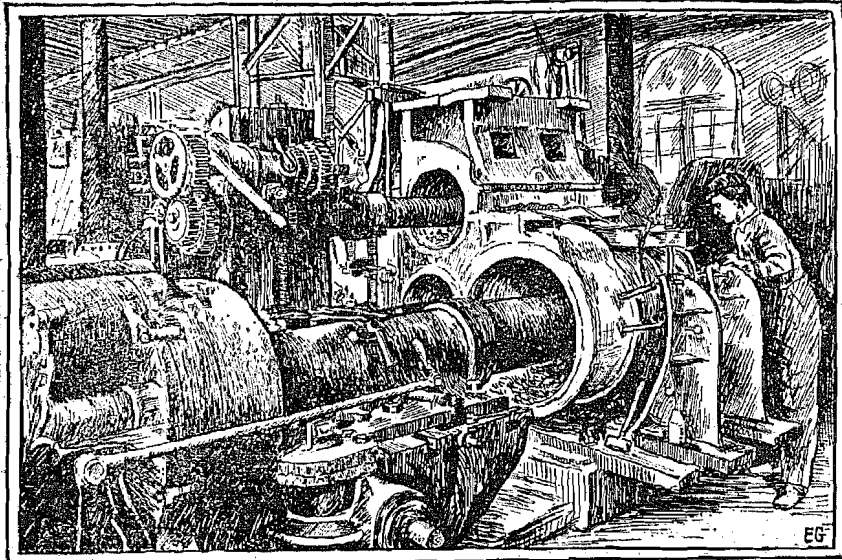
Two days previous he fell down unconscious while at work, and was taken to the hospital, where the doctors pronounced him dead, and a post-mortem was decided on. All preparations were made, and the body, being put on the dissecting table, a lecture was delivered over it to the students before being opened.

At the first prick of the knife, however, the "dead" man awoke with a start, and as soon as he realized his position, endeavored to assault the surgeon who held the dissecting knife. He had to be forcibly restrained by the other doctors.

A Roman urn was unearthed during excavations at Scalby, near Scarborough. A workman, under the impression that there might be money in it, gave it a tap with his pick, with the result that it was broken.

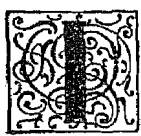
The Construction of a Locomotive.

A GLIMPSE OF A FASCINATING INDUSTRY.



Boring the Cylinders.

This Unique Machine Accurately Finishes the Interior of Two Cylinders and the Steam-Chest at One Time.



If the horse is the best friend of man, the superlative position belongs to the iron species. The locomotive is the chief agency of democracy. It is the leveler

of ranks, the annihilator of space and the enemy of sectionalism.

Everyone is familiar with the appearance of a locomotive, but it is doubtful if many have any real idea of how it is constructed or how it runs.

Like the human body, the locomotive contains what may be called legs, lungs, a stomach, and a backbone. Brains it has none, except as supplied by the engineer; but so much brain power has been hammered into it during construction that it answers to its governing power with all the swiftness and accuracy of the human system.

The development of the locomotive begins in the drafting room. It can be fairly said that the creative work is done here, and that when the plans pass to the construction department the most difficult part of the task is accomplished. Every locomotive has its number, and each set of plans sent to the shop carries that number, which is affixed to every part. There are hundreds of these plans for a single locomotive, all drawn to a scale; and so perfect are they, and so expert the construction, that the thousands of parts move with equal steps—through what seems a labyrinth—to the erecting shop, where all unite at a given time and fit perfectly.

A Seething Vortex.

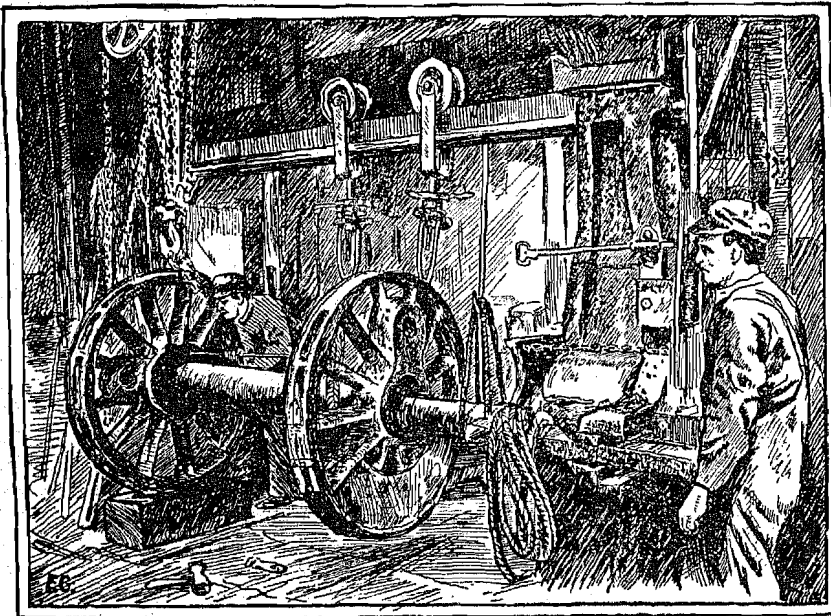
The visitor to a locomotive works desirous of taking a rapid glance at the important features in construction would first enter the foundry, an immense, gloomy cavern redolent with the tang of Mother Earth. It is lined on one side with blast furnaces and the floor is covered with casting boxes, in which are the matrices, formed in moulding sand. Just outside is the raw material, where all sorts of scrap and pig iron are used to fill the cupolas of the furnaces. It is an interesting sight to see an immense crane pick up a heavy ball, weighing tons, drop it on the scrap, and then hoist a great barrow of broken material to the top of the furnace, where it is plunged into the seething vortex below. When this mixture is properly melted, and the chemical constituents found correct, valves are opened and the hundreds of casting boxes are filled rapidly.

The drive wheels are taken to a shop where the holes for the axle are bored, and these are made slightly smaller than the axle itself. A powerful hydraulic press forces the axle into the wheels until they are on just as tight as if the whole were cast or forged in a single piece. Then wheels and axle are put in an immense lathe, and the rims are trimmed down smooth, ready for the tires, which are slightly less in diameter than the wheel itself. The forged steel tires, made elsewhere, are then heated until they expand so as to fit easily on the wheel; then a stream of cold water is turned on, the tire shrinks, and is as

firmly fixed on the wheel as if welded. It can never come off until the tire is heated again. The drivers and other wheels are now taken to the erecting shop, placed in position on a truck, and the legs are completed.

Ingenious Contrivances.

It is interesting to note the progressive development of the castings for the cylinders, which pass through many processes before they are ready. In the



Forcing Wheels on Axle.

By Means of 160 Tons Hydraulic Pressure the Driving Wheels are Permanently United With the Axle.

largest compound locomotives the two great castings bolted together, which form the front, weigh nine tons, or as much as many an entire locomotive of two generations ago. The cylinders are reamed and bored out by many intricate machines, one of which bores three holes at once. When these castings have passed through all the stages they are bolted together, are carried by an ingenious walking crane to the erecting shop and placed on the pilot wheel truck—the lungs and legs are finished.

Boiler Making.

The making of the boiler affords the most dramatic scenes in the shops, and furnishes a test for the nerves of the on-looker. These boilers are made of plates of steel, which are rolled up and riveted together in sections. In one corner of the shop a man is seen, with a diagram before him, drawing with chalk on an immense rectangular steel plate a lot of lines, seemingly in all directions, until it looks as if he were designing Brobdiagnian cobwebs. After him comes a brisk workman with hammer and steel punch. At every intersection of two lines he makes a slight dent with his tool. In a few moments he has skipped over the immense plate, and with un-

erring aim has marked where every rivet hole is to be. The plate is suddenly whisked up into the air and carried by a travelling electric crane to another corner, where are the punching machines. The machines punch rivet holes through the plate with as much ease as if it were made of cheese. All the men have to do is to see the plate centered properly, and in an instant there is a hole.

The Hydraulic Presses

Down from somewhere in the mists above comes another giant hand, and the plate is gone again. Its destination depends upon the particular part of the boiler it is to form. If any ordinary section, it is passed between triple rollers and curved as easily as if it were a sheet of paper. If it is the rear end of the boiler, it has to go through a most interesting process, one that excites the imagination of the visitor. It is now perfectly flat; but it must form the end and part of the sides of the boiler, and to fill such a function it must be pressed into a new shape. This is done by heating it white hot in a furnace in front of an immense hydraulic press. Tremendous heat is necessary to raise the plate to the proper temperature, and around the witches' brew men stand noting the exact progress of the plate in its fiery bed. In the press are placed reciprocating steel dies, one above and one below, moulded so as to give the exact shape required for the plate. When all is ready the furnace door opens, an iron hand reaching in seizes the plate, draws it on to the press, the foreman moves a lever, and in a few seconds the seething, shimmering, almost molten plate is noiselessly forced into shape, with all the ease that my lady crumples a rose leaf in her hand. It is a short and simple operation, but seemingly impossible things are done without effort in such a way as to startle the beholder.

Riveting Plates.

Or, perhaps it is the section of the

rivet with many tons power, and the work is instantaneously finished. Open the jaws go, another rivet slips in, the alligator winks, and there you are again! In spite of the terrible noise going on in the vicinity, it is a fascinating sight which the visitor hates to leave.

When the boiler is complete it is placed on the frame, the tubes are inserted, and a hundred men rush at it with varied intentions. Some interlace it with wires; some put on steam domes, stacks, air pumps, indicators; while others cover the boiler with asbestos and finally put on the sheet steel jacket with which the public is familiar.

The Supreme Test.

Finally comes the steam test, when the boilers are given a pressure never possible in ordinary operations. If there is the slightest defect now is the time it will be disclosed. As a matter of fact it seldom is. Long before this time tests have been made of every piece, and at the first sign of weakness the part, no matter how much it has cost, is sent to the scrap heap, where any day may be seen the crushed bones of what might have been locomotives. The loss is great, but inevitable in dealing with metals.

The epic of the locomotive is one grand song of achievement. Its conquests are invariably constructive. The products of some of the greatest factories in the world are designed solely to ravage and destroy. The function of the locomotive is to scatter plenty over a smiling land. Fundamentally it is the most useful invention of man. It has turned the vast deserts of Canada into a granary; it is making the map of Africa "all red," in the language of Cecil Rhodes; in three decades it has awakened Japan from her millennial slough; and it is even now dragging the chariot of progress into the heart of reluctant China.

Is it the Holy Grail?

Remarkable Discovery Made Near Glastonbury Abbey.

A story is printed of the discovery near Glastonbury Abbey of a glass vessel of beautiful workmanship, and apparently of great antiquity, which, the discoverers, believe, is the Holy Grail of the Arthurian legend. The Holy Grail is the cup from which Christ is reputed to have drunk at the last supper, and, according to ancient British tradition, it was brought to England by Joseph of Arimathea after the crucifixion.

The vessel is of bluish-green glass of some kind, cunningly inlaid with silver leaf. A number of eminent persons, including some Peers with ecclesiastical interests, have examined it. It is now in the possession of Professor William Crookes, who has undertaken to solve its history.

Sea Serpent on Land.

Great Water Python Terrorizing Nebraska People.

The New York Herald has received the following despatch from Valley, Neb.:—A great water python, forty feet long, twelve inches in diameter and with a head the size of a bushel basket, is terrorizing the country around about Ages Lake, several miles east of here.

Joseph Anderson and W. Nightingale, while walking through high grass near the lake, attempted to step over what they thought was a large log. It was the snake. While Anderson had a foot on either side the great snake lifted its head, throwing Anderson twenty feet. The serpent then made a rush for the lake, holding its head six feet above the ground, hissing like a steam engine. In its way it broke branches of trees three and four inches in diameter. A big snake hunt is being arranged.

Last of Exeter Hall.

The breaking up of Exeter Hall has commenced in earnest, the whole of the furniture and fittings, with a few exceptions, have come under the auctioneer's hammer. The chair in which the Prince Consort sat, and the seat from which Mendelssohn conducted the first London performance of his "Elijah," have been carefully preserved for the new building in Bloomsbury, while the famous organ on which he played is being removed to Ipswich.

Our International News Letter.

GREAT BRITAIN.

Although only fifteen months have elapsed since the Chief of the Staff launched his new building scheme for the British Territory, new halls are springing up all over the country with ever-increasing frequency. No fewer than fifty-one have already been opened.

There are in addition sixteen buildings now in course of erection, and stone-laying ceremonies are announced for Wakefield II., Hull IV., Maidstone, and Morley.

Of the forty-six other new schemes which have been passed by the Property Council, it is very interesting to notice that six of these are in Ireland.

So well known has the Army's Emigration Department become that a letter has been received from Jaffa, Palestine, asking about the work of the Department, and pamphlets bearing upon the matter undertaken by the Army.

The Chief of the Staff is considering the advisability of extending the Advanced Training Scheme so as to enable it to include Staff officers.

NORWAY.

What the Passover season was to the Jews, the annual Congress in Christiania is to Norwegian Salvationists! For a whole year they put aside a few kroner or öre in order to be able to take the long journey, which, in the case of comrades living in the extreme north, would mean a voyage as long as from, say, Peterhead to Gibraltar.

Sactervold is the rendezvous of the Congress. Lying in a picturesque valley, near the Christiania Fiord, about five miles from the city, it seems as if this spot were designed for our Congress Sunday meetings. In the amphitheatrical grove about ten thousand people gathered.

Perhaps the most impressive meeting was the afternoon, when the Commissioner dedicated four Norwegian officers for service in India. This was followed, in the evening, by the dedication of Colonel and Mrs. Ogrim's baby boy.

The meetings were attended by all classes of people. There were the workingman and the member of Parliament; the serious working woman and the pleasure-seeking lady; the earnest church member and the superficial. All, however, were led into the presence of a living, saving God!

Altogether 110 souls at the penitential form were registered during the Congress meetings.

Commissioner and Mrs. Booth-Tucker said good-bye to Norway the same evening; but Colonel Ogrim led two days' further Councils.

INDIA.

Brigadier Vishram Das reports that Lt.-Col. Tej Singh (Friedrich) has been very warmly and heartily received by the officers and soldiers in the Punjab and North India Territory. The Welcome meetings were of a very enthusiastic character, and the new Territorial Commander has already won the affection and confidence of his people.

Col. Nurani, the South Indian Territorial Commander, recently led very blessed meetings in the Nanjinadu Division. At Sanganlingamparai, an outpost, 46 men and women, all heathen, came out for salvation. At the same meeting backsliders from an adjoining village also returned to God and the Army. At the village of Karayankulle many of the inhabitants fought desperately against the Army for a while, but all have now become Salvationists except one man, and there is every reason to believe that the



The Latest Development at Spring Valley.

It is Proposed to Erect This New Addition to the Already Commodious Buildings of the Spring Valley Orphanage at a Cost of \$12,000.

Hindoo temple will shortly be handed over for demolition.

In the Gujarat and Western Indian Territory the Backsliders' Campaign is being continued with vigor and success, and good hopes are entertained of reaching the target.

SOUTH AFRICA.

The reports of the siege are now coming in, and though final results are not yet known, evidence is already forthcoming that the position of the Territory has been definitely and most encouragingly advanced.

In connection with the recent commissioning of Cadets, it is stated that South Africa was able to make provision for the opening of a Corps at Steepan, in

the Orango River Colony. Reports just to hand say that the first meetings have passed off most successfully. There are a number of places around which are also being worked, the majority within easy distance. A large number of natives are employed at various mines, etc., in the neighborhood and special efforts are being made to reach and help them. The wife of the officer appointed has started a day school.

A native at Steepan received some assistance in the way of physic from Lieutenant de Villiers, which did him so much good that he spread the fame of the Umfundis as a medicine man to such effect that he says, "Now I have several patients!"

It is pleasing to note from the fol-

lowing incident how the Army uniform is recognized everywhere as a signal that the wearer is ready to assist any soul in trouble. Noticing the uniform of Capt. Jensen, of Woodstock, who was walking through the Cape Town docks a few days ago, the mate of a sailing ship lying there told him they had an old man on board who had been injured in a storm some six weeks ago. This was the only Britisher on the ship, all the others being foreigners, and the mate thought that he would like someone to speak to him in his own language. The Captain was, of course, pleased to accept the invitation. When he came to talk to the poor old sailor he found him anxious about his soul and pleased for the Captain to pray with him. He left him cheered and happy, thanking the Captain for calling and asking him to come again. This also gave Capt. Jensen a chance to speak to the other members of the crew about salvation.

A woman who for years was known as one of the greatest slaves to drink in Cape Town, and has been in prison times almost out of number as a consequence, passed through "The Rest" Rescue Home some little time ago. For months past she has been doing well in a situation. Her birthday came round last week and to mark the occasion she wrote the Matron, Adjutant Quartermaster, a letter full of gratitude to God and the Army for what had been done to her, and enclosed money to pay for the making of a cake for the inmates of the Home.

FINLAND.

Preparations are being made for the opening of a men's shelter at Helsingfors in the near future.

The Chief Secretary, Brigadier Carl Breien, has been campaigning in the north with successful results. He reports that the people generally are taking an immense interest in the work of the Army. Going away from all railways, he had to travel in a Finnish cart for 360 miles. On some parts of the journey over hills and through forests he was cheered by the sight of the beautiful midnight sun, but in other parts he met with storms and heavy rain, which made the roads very difficult for travelling.

HOLLAND.

Colonel and Mrs. Higgins are to conduct Holland's annual Field Day.

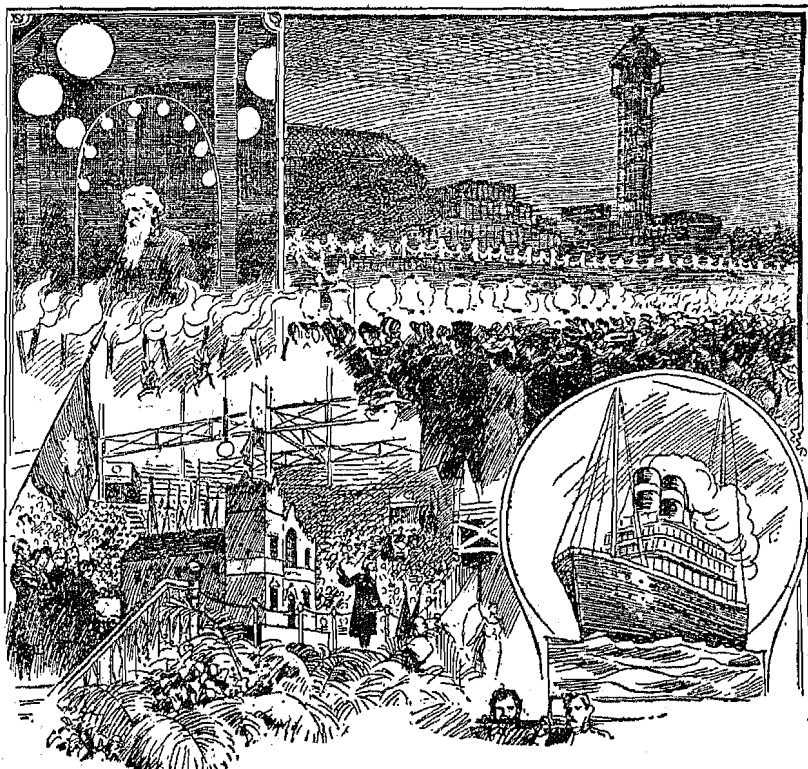
The celebration, at which officers, soldiers and friends from the various Corps will be present, will take place at Haarlem, in the spacious grounds of a local gentleman.

Immediately following the celebrations, Commissioner Ridsdel will conduct two days' Officers' Councils, the first since his installation as territorial leader.

AUSTRALIA.

Three magnificent social institutions have recently been opened by Com. McKie in New Zealand, in which colony we have now thirteen Homes of various classes. They include four Rescue and four Maternity Homes, one for orphan girls, and two Homes for ex-prisoners, besides two Metropoles. Exclusive of the last-named, accommodation is provided for three hundred of stranded men, betrayed and fallen women.

His Excellency the Governor, Sir Geo. Le Hunte, presided at a great Army meeting in the Adelaide Town Hall, and on the following morning Mrs. McKie met Lady Le Hunte at Government House, who evinced a deep interest in the Army's undertakings in South Australia.



Our Forty-Second Anniversary.

1. The General Commences His Motor Campaign.
- 2 and 3. At the Anniversary Meeting in the Central Trancept of the Palace.

The Faith that Conquers.

Showing How the Captain's Words Came True

Mrs. Jones had a very long tongue, and she used it with good effect, as many of the neighbors could testify. Her poor husband had a dreadful time of it, but he never faced such a storm as the night he knelt at the Army penitent form.

"You're a fine husband, you are," raged the irate dame. "To go and disgrace us all like that, and join in with those crazy folk. I suppose you'll be wearing a red shirt soon—now mark my words, Jones, the day I'll tear it off your back and put it in the stove." She said a great deal more besides, and poor Jones felt very unhappy about it all.

The next day the Officers called round to see the new convert, and Mrs. Jones was not backward in letting them have a "piece of her mind." They dealt with her patiently and wisely, and just before they left, the Captain said, "I venture to prophecy, Mrs. Jones, that you will be wearing a Salvation bonnet before your husband gets his jersey." They then prayed and went on their way.

Three weeks later the Captain was strangely troubled. For the past few Sundays no souls had been saved, which was a cause for much concern in such a flourishing corps. On Saturday night, therefore, she determined to ask God for five souls on the morrow, and not to rest till the assurance that her prayer was answered came to her. The midnight hour chimed, and still the Captain prayed, and it was two hours later before she arose from her knees, joyfully exclaiming, "Victory." She felt sure souls would be saved next day.

The meetings on Sunday were wonderful times. God came near and blessed the soldiers in a special manner and faith ran high for the night meeting. The prayer meeting seemed hard and stiff however, and several times the Captain was tempted to bring it to a close, but the memory of the definite assurance she had received from God restrained her. "I cannot close till five souls seek mercy," was her thought, and so she prayed on and encouraged her soldiers to fight and believe, till it drew near mid-night, then there was a rush to the Mercy Seat, and amongst the five who knelt there that night was Mrs. Jones. She got beautifully saved and got into uniform as quickly as possible, actually fulfilling the Captain's words that she would wear a bonnet before her husband got his jersey.

Families Combine to Bring Up Children.

About a hundred well-to-do families of St. Petersburg, it is said, have clubbed together with the object of bringing up and educating their four hundred children in common, the disturbed condition of the country having disorganized the schools. They have hired a large building, to which they have made extensive additions. Here the children assemble and delegations of parents attend daily to carry out the programme of instruction. Free course is given to the child's will, no task is imposed, no punishment inflicted. The child just attaches himself to that teacher and learns that particular branch to which he is attracted. There is a large garden for the children to play and work in and all the domestic arrangements are carried on inside the institution and with the co-operation of the children.

The educational authorities have had their attention directed to this communal system of education, and so pleased are they with the progress made by the pupils that they intend to offer facilities for extending the system.

A NEW COMPETITION!

(LIMITED TO OFFICERS ONLY)

Ten Dollars for the Best "Shack - Stove Story."

HOW READERS MAY WIN DOLLARS AND OUR GRATITUDE.



I propose having a competition on somewhat novel lines for the benefit of the Christmas War Cry. In order to get hold of some of the excellent salvation stories that our officers tell over the teacups, we invite all comrades to write us one on the lines we shall suggest, and to the writer of the best story we shall send a ten dollar bill.

Now, who shall decide which story is the best? This is a ticklish job, so we have decided that the Editorial Staff shall decide which is the best dozen. These we shall print, and leave it to the excellent judgement of our readers to decide which is the best of them, and consequently the best story sent in.

How we shall get the votes of our readers will be made known later.

In order to make the setting fit with the stories, we propose that a number of Salvation Army officers shall be sitting around a red-hot stove in a settler's shack on a Christmas eve. They have been attending a meeting, and conversation has been started around a remarkable testimony given by a convert in the said meeting. An officer endeavors to cap that story, by relating another which happened in one of his meetings. This leads to the telling of a still more remarkable incident by another officer, and so on until the whole dozen have told a series of highly interesting and remarkable incidents of Canadian Salvation Army warfare.

Now, which officer told the best story? That is the point we shall want the readers of our great Christmas War Cry to decide.

Each story must conform to the following conditions:—

1. It must relate to the War in Canada and Newfoundland.
2. Should not exceed 500 words.
3. The incident may refer to the writer's own experience, may refer to a soldier, or may have been told to the writer by some other person. The writer will be held responsible for the truth of the incident.
4. The incident must illustrate the power of God's salvation and the effectiveness of the Army's methods, and may refer to the conversion of sinners by answer to prayers, by means of testimonies, or meetings in the open air or in the hall, etc.

That which constitutes the best story, will be its interesting and instructive qualities. The more novel or extraordinary the story, the greater its interest. The more unpromising the character converted, the more instructive will be the incident.

For the best story of this class we shall give ten dollars.

Stories received after the first of October will not be eligible for this competition, and each officer must send his or her portrait, as we purpose publishing the portraits of the twelve officers with the stories. Send your story in straight away.

TO ALL SOLDIERS AND READERS. A Dollar For a Christmas Incident.

We want incidents relating to Christmas and the Salvation War in Canada. If you know a good story, or have heard a good story suitable for our Christmas Number, we want you to send it along, and to the one who sends us the best story on the following lines we shall send a dollar. We shall give away ten dollars in this competition, so there is a chance for ten persons to get our best thanks and a dollar bill.

For two hundred words that tell either of the following:—

The most remarkable Salvation Christmas Incident I have ever known; What it was that led to my conversion; The most extraordinary open-air I have ever attended, or open-air incident I have ever known; The greatest trophy of grace I have ever met in Canada. The best story of a fellow-officer who is probably too modest to tell it himself or herself; The most exciting moment of my Salvation career; The strangest Prayer meeting I was ever in; The Funniest Testimony I have ever heard; What a Salvation Song did; The most interesting Immigration Story I have ever been told; The greatest act of human Consecration I have ever known; The most amusing Collection incident I have heard.

BAND CHAT.

Never Miss a Meeting.

Nelson Band is improving, so the public say. Four new players have been added during Captain Laidlaw's stay. The Bandsmen are worthy of notice, not so much for playing as praying. Open-air work is carried on every night, and the never miss. Bandmaster Cory has just taken hold of these comrades, and we are believing for great things. God bless the Band boys.—Beefie.

The Salvation Army Band (Peterboro) recently gathered at Victoria park and had their pictures taken before the Court House. There were in the party forty-nine; forty-six bandsmen and Mark Spence, who is an honorary member, the lamp-bearer, and Adjutant Wiggins. Half-tone cuts will be made from the pictures, and they will be used on the advertising matter to be gotten out in connection with the ten days' tour through Eastern Ontario Province, which the Band will take next month, and also in the War Cry in connection with a Band series we are preparing.

After the Band had returned to the barracks the members took tea together, and a pleasant social hour was spent. We may say that this Band has just received forty-two summer caps from Headquarters, which give a very smart appearance to the Band, besides being light and cool. The boys are laying themselves out to assume great shape. God bless them!

On Saturday night, Calgary Band gave a musical festival out in the open-air. The proceeds went towards the purchase of a new set of instruments. The novelty of playing in an open rig attracted the people. The splendid programme was greatly appreciated. We realized the sum of \$90.00 for the week.—Band Correspondent.

Sweated Industries.

How the Poor Live.

Here is a picture of a box-maker's home, into which has come a visitor with an offer of a holiday in the country—a short respite from the toil which is taking them to an early grave—for the two children:

"Jimmy's coat is buttoned up to the throat—one knows that the box-maker's children can seldom afford shirts. The mother looks up with a frown on her face.

"The landlord ain't a-goin' to wait for the rent, and we can't starve for a week for them kids to go gallivantin' about to picnics; the likes of us must do what we can."

"The little heads droop, but there is no complaint. By and by there may be tears of disappointment; but if they wept over their work they would be thrashed. Think what it would mean to have those dainty boxes spotted with tears."

Arab Visitor

Says "Salvation Always Velly Good."

Among the interesting visitors at our Aldershot Naval and Military Home at present is an Arab. For five years he has been a regular caller for about three months each year, and whenever he is in this country on business, he always makes for the Home.

The other day, while in Scotland, a gentleman asked him where he lived, and he replied in broken English, "Me Salvation."

"But," the gentleman replied, "you are a Mohammedan."

"Yes, but we always Salvation, 'cause Salvation always nice—always velly good!" replied the Arab.

While in Aden he had come under the influence of some Salvation Leaguers, and thus had learned to love The Army.

OUR FRIENDS.—The War Cry Boomers.



Sister Bennett,
An Enterprising War Cry Boomer of
Belleville, Ont.

A MEETING IN JAIL.

Two Commissioners in a Japanese Prison

Within the space reserved for the cells there are no bolts or bars, or other arrangements for preventing the escape of the prisoners. All the vigil considered necessary is the vigil of one warder, and I learned that anything like misconduct is very rare indeed.

I was introduced by the assistant superintendent to the most notorious crim-

inal of Tokio. He was one of six in a cell, and had his head covered with a couple of bandages. He devised the nature of the superintendent's introduction and as I lifted my finger in gentle reproach at him, he smiled and giggled and talked to his fellow-partners as if he rather enjoyed the unenviable notoriety of his position. When he and others were placed in one cell, so that we might carry on the little service referred to, they rose to their feet, and, with the correctness of a machine, made their bows to us.

They listened with rapt attention to Commissioner Railton's solo and to my talk, which I tried, through an interpreter, to make as straight and as pointed as I could. In fact, there were moments when we all felt an influence similar to what comes over a congregation on a Sunday night. And it was while Commissioner Railton was speaking to the women with a similar object that a prisoner, lashed in the orthodox style, was brought into the open court adjoining the cells. He was a specially formidable-looking man, broad-shouldered and square-jawed, but, withal, had a gentle look in his eyes on beholding the uniformed strangers pleading with the prisoners to renounce their evil ways. For a moment or two he seemed dazed, and, I believe, was unconscious of the unloosening of the rope with which his hands were tied.

The contrast was too suggestive for me not to realize. Commissioner Railton made a pause, and then, as if impressed with the spirit of what he had said, the superintendent took up the theme, and, in

effect, urged our hearers as soon as they were free to avail themselves of the advice and help which we offered, viz., to separate themselves from what was wrong and to enter our Home for ex-prisoners and begin life afresh.—Social Gazette.

Smile!

Though no one can alter his features,
Each owner can manage his face;
For cleanliness, neatness, and sweetness
Are better than beauty or grace.

While sometimes we're sure to be lonely,
And patience will often be tried,
If our voice and our face we keep pleasant,
We'll brighten the folks at our side.

The faces of friends are like mirrors:
If we frown, then dark looks we receive;
But oh! how our smile, bright and jolly,
Another strained face will relieve.

Let's cultivate brightness and sunshine,
And be just as kind as we know;
For the face that is known to be sunny
Is welcomed wherever we go.

A Floral Tribute.

An Incident on the Underground Railway.

The city railway carriage was crowded with men save one corner where sat a Salvation sister.

Just before the train started another workman entered—grimy, talkative, and a little the worse for drink.

In his hands he carried an immense bunch of primroses, wallflowers and

sweet-scented Lent lilies. He stared for a minute at the Salvationist, then leant across, and respectfully hid a bunch of lilies on her lap.

"That's for you," he said, "a token of respect for the Salvation Army."

"No," said he, raising his voice and looking round on the grinning passengers. "I bain't a Salvationist; I'm a devil, I am. But I knows wot the Army is, and wot it does for a man that's down, and I say General Booth is doing a good work, and I holds with it; and that's why I gives you them flowers, miss. Here's some more."

And another pass—this time of wallflowers—was placed in the hand of the Salvationist.

Then the grin of the other passengers gave way to looks of conviction and respect.

Madame Frankina, who, in March last, attempted to assassinate General Rheinbot, the ex-Prefect of Police, and who, in May, made an attempt to murder the inspector of the political prison here, wounding him with a pistol, which had been mysteriously smuggled into her cell, was hung in Moscow, at sunrise recently. The authorities made every effort during the past fortnight to persuade the woman to plead for mercy of the Emperor, but this she obstinately refused to do. Her parents interceded with the throne on her behalf, but their efforts were unavailing.

EXCHANGE WANTED!

An American War Cry for a Canadian War Cry, every week.
Kindly address Lieut. A. M. Harris,
611 Mattison avenue, Asbury Park, N.J.

INTERNATIONAL SONG BOOKS.

Small Print, Board Covers, 25c. Postage 2c extra.

Small Print, Leather Covers, 50c. Postage 2c extra.

Small Print, Morocco Covers, 75c. Postage 2c extra.

Large Print, Board Covers, 80c. Postage 3c extra.

Large Print, Leather Covers, 50c. Postage 3c extra.

"SAVONAROLA: Italian Preacher and Martyr."

By COMMISSIONER OLIPHANT. Price 50c. Postage 10c extra.

"THE CROSS OUR COMFORT."

Being a Selection of Writings by COMMISSIONER BOOTH-TUCKER. Price 35c. Postage 3c extra.

Pictorial Post Cards: The General in the Holy Land.

Eight Views of Interest. 20c per Packet.

White Twill Summer Cap, for Local Officers and Soldiers . . . \$1.25

Blue Twill Summer Cap, for Officers 1.50

THE SALVATION ARMY YEAR BOOK.

A Mine of Useful Information about the Army in all Parts of the World. Helpful to Officers, Soldiers and Friends. Price 30c.

THESE PRICES DO NOT APPLY TO THE NORTH-WEST.

Write for Catalogue and Prices to

THE TRADE SECRETARY, S. A. Temple. Toronto, Ontario.

MEDICAL MISSIONARIES WANTED!

For India, Java and Japan.

Next in blessing to the healing of the soul comes the healing of the body. And oft times the giving of relief to the flesh is to bring the soul of the sufferer into touch with the Great Physician.

The Salvation Army offers an unbounded sphere of usefulness to Christian young men and women who have had a medical training but who may consider that they do not possess the qualifications for ordinary Salvation Army work.

In India, Java and Japan, the Army has a number of hospitals that are doing a splendid work among the natives, so much so, that the General is anxious to extend it in the countries mentioned, but the great drawback is the lack of sanctified and qualified medical practitioners. Can you come to the help of the Lord in this matter?

Applications for this work should be made to

COMMISSIONER T. B. COOMBS,
The Temple,
James and Albert Streets,
Toronto, Ontario.

MISSING.

To Parents, Relations and Friends

We will search for missing persons in any part of the globe; befriended, and, as far as possible, assist wronged women and children, or anyone in difficulty. Address Commissioner Thos. B. Coombs, 20 Albert Street, Toronto, and mark "Inquiry" on the envelope. One dollar should be sent, if possible, to defray expenses. In case a reproduction of a photo is desired to be inserted with the advertisement, an extra charge of two dollars is made, which amount must be sent with the photo. Officers, friends, and friends are requested to look regularly through this column, and notify the Commissioner if they are able to give any information about persons advertised for.

(First Insertion.)

6097. Boyle, Billy. Aged 46, dark hair, steel grey eyes, height 5 feet; left Port Hope, Ont., 18 years ago for Toronto; was at one time engaged in driving an express wagon. Reward offered.

6098. Clark, George. Aged 23, blue eyes, pale complexion; native of Ireland; last heard from 17 years ago; was then on a farm somewhere in Canada.

6099. Rush, George. Also wife, Elizabeth Rush, nee Elizabeth Hall, who came to Canada about seven years ago; at that time they had either five or six children; from Rattington St. Chatham, Nr. Canterbury, Kent, Eng.

6101. Carlberg, Per Isak. Swedish, born at Hova Sogn, Sparbos, Lehn; tall and fair blue eyes, crooked nose; engineer; came to Canada June, '02; last heard from in Toronto, Christmas, '05.

6102. Jense, Hans, alias H. J. Brichony, Swede; last heard from Care S. A., Toronto, Canada.

6103. Smee, Ernest, Job or Sugg. Came to Canada 18 years ago through the Barnardo Home; sent to a family named Sugg near Clifford, Ont.; not heard from since 1893; has brown hair, blue grey eyes.

6104. Gibbs, Sarah Ann, nee Richards; aged 40, dark hair and eyes, rather short; came to Toronto with husband and five children 14 years ago.

6105. Hillhouse, William; age 30, single, height 5 feet 6 inches, sandy hair, blue eyes, fresh complexion, pit head man, Scotch; last known address, Weyburn, Sask. Important news awaits him.

Songs for All Meetings.

Holiness.

Tunes.—Glory, Jesus saves me, 143; Land beyond the blue, 145; Song Book, No. 462.

1 Precious Jesus, Oh, to love Thee,
Oh, to know that Thou art mine!
Jesus, all my heart I give Thee,
If Thou wilt but make it Thine.

Chorus.

Glory, glory, Jesus saves me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!
Oh, the cleansing blood has reached me,
Glory, glory to the Lamb!

Take my warmest, best affection,
Take my memory, mind, and will;
Then with all Thy loving Spirit
All my emptied nature fill.

Bold I touch Thy sacred garment,
Fearless stretch my eager hand!
Virtue, like a healing fountain,
Freely flows at love's command.

Tunes.—Take Salvation, 170; Silver threads, 157; Song Book, No. 440.

2 Welcome, welcome, dear Redeemer!
Welcome to this heart of mine;
Lord, I make a full surrender,
Every power and thought be Thine—
Thine entirely;
Through eternal ages Thine.

Known to all to be Thy mansion,
Earth and hell will disappear;
Or in vain attempt possession,
When they find the Lord is there.
Shout salvation!
Shout, ye saints! the Lord is here.

Tune.—My mind upon Thee, 254; Song Book, No. 413.

3 My mind upon Thee, Lord, is stayed,
My all upon Thy altar laid,
Oh, hear my prayer!
And since in singleness of aim,
I part with all, Thy power to gain,
O God, draw near.

Chorus.

Saviour, dear Saviour, draw nearer,
Humble in spirit I kneel at Thy cross;
Speak out Thy wishes still clearer,
And I will obey at all cost.

By every promise Thou hast made,
And by the price Thy love has paid
For my release,
I claim the power to make me whole,
And keep through every hour my soul
In perfect peace.

And now by faith the deed is done,
And Thou again to live hast come
Within my heart;
And rising now with Thee, my Lord,
To lose the world I can afford,
For mine Thou art.

Experience.

Tunes.—Now I can read, 54; Charming name, 26; Song Book, 238.

4 My God, the spring of all my joys,
The life of my delights,
The glory of my brightest days,
And comfort of my nights.

Chorus.

So we'll stand the storm, for it won't
be very long,
And we'll anchor by and by.

In darkest shades, if Thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's Bright Morning Star,
And Thou my Rising Sun.

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
For Jesus shows His mercy mine,
And whispers I am His.

6106. Cameron, Kenneth William; age 51, tall, white hair, rather bald, light grey eyes, fair, Scotchman; once on the London, England, police force.

6107. Neale, Ernest John. Aged 39, married, height 5 feet 7 inches, black hair and moustache, blue eyes, fresh complexion, very high forehead, tip off left forefinger; electrical engineer; left England for Canada in February, '07.

Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break through every foe;
The wings of love and arms of faith,
Would bear me conqueror through.

Tune.—God is keeping, 233; Song Book, No. 575.

5 God is keeping His soldiers fighting,
Evermore we shall conquerors be;
All the hosts of hell are uniting,
But we're sure to have victory.
Though to beat us they've been trying,
Our Colors still are flying,
And our Flag shall wave for ever,
For we never will give in.

Chorus.

No, we never, never, never will give in,
no, we won't,
For we mean to have the victory for ever.

We will follow our conquering Saviour;
From before Him hell's legions shall fly;
Our battalions never shall waver,
They're determined to conquer or die.

From holiness and Heaven
We never will be driven;
We will stand our ground for ever,
For we never will give in.

Salvation.

Tunes.—Mercy still for Thee, 49; Haste away to Jesus, 36; Song Book, No. 56.

6 O wanderer, knowing not the smile
Of Jesus' lovely face,
In darkness living all the while,
Rejecting offered grace:
To thee Jehovah's voice doth sound,
Thy soul He waits to free;
Thy Saviour hath a ransom found,
There's mercy still for thee.

Chorus.

There's mercy still for thee!
There's mercy still for thee!
Poor trembling soul, He'll make thee whole,
There's mercy still for thee!

For thee, though sunk in deep despair,
Thy Saviour's blood was shed;
He for thy sins was as a lamb
To cruel slaughter led,
That thou mayest find, poor sin-sick soul,
A pardon full and free;
What boundless grace, what wondrous love!
There's mercy still for thee.

Song Book, No. 154.

7 When the trumpet of the Lord shall sound,
And time shall be no more,
And the morning breaks, eternal, bright and fair;
When the saved of earth shall gather over on the other shore,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there!

Chorus.

When the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there!

On that bright and cloudless morning,
When the dead in Christ shall rise,
And the glory of His resurrection share—
When His chosen ones shall gather
To their Home beyond the skies,
And the roll is called up yonder,
I'll be there!

Let us labor for the Master
From the dawn till setting sun,
Let us tell of all His wondrous love and care,
Then, when all of life is over,
And our work on earth is done,
And the roll is called up yonder,
We'll be there!

Second Insertion.

5972. BRECKENRIDGE, John; aged 52, average height, black hair, brown eyes, single, Scotch-Canadian, Miner, two moles on back of neck. Last heard of in Vancouver, B. C., Hospital, seven years ago.

6053. PROCTOR, EDWARD W. Aged 36, came to Canada through the Barnardo Home; been missing 18

years. Any news gratefully received.

6034. STYLE, LEONARD ALEXANDER, and WANETA WASHANGA, last heard of about two years and a half ago, was then at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A. A good scholar, can speak French and English fluently, smart in appearance, peculiar expression in eyes; fond of gay company, was keeping company with an Indian dancing girl (name above.) News wanted urgently; see photo.



6038. MORRISON, GEORGE DAVID; last heard of four years ago, was then in Seattle; age 44, tall, rather fair complexion, left home twenty-two years ago; mother very anxious, and father enquires.

6040. SMITH, JAMES; single, age 21, height 5 ft., 5 in., dark brown hair, grey eyes, dark complexion, last known address, Davenport, Ont; news wanted.

6042. WIKELL, GUSTAF, FREDERICK. Swedish, medium height, blue eyes, brown hair; last heard of in 1899, was then in Oakland, Cal., may have gone to Alaska.

6048. CRAIG, WM. BERTRAM McLEAN, age thirteen, tall enough for fifteen, slim build, fair, light blue eyes, rather quiet, very fond of reading; ran away from Midland, in April 29th, last, supposed to have gone to Hamilton; mother very anxious for news.

6052. JACOMB, GEORGE; age 38, comes from Rugby, England, missing twenty-four years, his sister, who is out here, is very anxious for news concerning him.

6054. WILLINGTON, F. W. Aged 39, dark hair and eyes, left Montreal four years ago, supposed to be in New York. American Cry please copy.

6056. BROMNELL, ALONZO AARON. Aged 63, married, height 5 ft., 7 in., light brown hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, blacksmith, walks very erect, wore navy blue jacket, grey trousers. Last heard of at High River, Alta., four years ago.

6058. CLARK, MRS. Age 35, auburn hair, height 5 ft., has a son fifteen years of age and a daughter six. Last known address, Care of Mr. Hays, Kennis, Sask.

6061. FERGUSON, JAMES. Aged 23, single, height 5 ft. 4 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes, slightly deaf, voice rather thick. Last known address, Care of Foley Bros, camp 6, Sask.



6069. CREATH, THOMAS. Native of Brantford Township, aged 44, height 5 ft., 10 in., dark curly hair, brown eyes; last heard from five years ago, in Kensaw, North Dakota. American Cry please copy.

T. F. S. APPOINTMENTS.

Captain Matier.—Goderich, August 17, 18, 19; Wingham, August, 20, 21; Listowel, Aug. 22, 23; Palmerston, Aug. 24-26; Guelph, Aug. 27-29; Hespler, Aug. 30, 31.

Captain Davey.—Portage la Prairie, Aug. 15-18; Winnipeg, Aug. 19.

Captain Ash.—New Glasgow, Aug. 16-18; Stellarton, Aug. 19; Westville, Aug. 20; Charlottetown, Aug. 21, 22; Summerside, Aug. 23-25; Sackville, Aug. 26, 27; Amherst, Aug. 28, 29, Springhill, Aug. 30, 31, September 1.

Captain Tiller.—Orillia, August 17, 18, 19; Fenelon Falls, August 20; Kinmount, Aug. 21; Ireland, Aug. 22; Haliburton, Aug. 23; Lindsay, Aug. 24-27; Omamee, Aug. 28; Uxbridge, Aug. 29, 30; Orangeville, Aug. 31, Sept. 1, 2.